THE

HERMIT

IN

THE COUNTRY;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH MANNERS.

> " Quite weary grown
> Of all the follies of the town,
> And seeing in all public places,
> The same vain fops, and painted faces."
>
> SOAME JENYNS.

VOL. II.

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THE

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XXIII.

SYMPATHY.

Exalt thy love dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part
To make thee grief resign
PARNELL.

SYMPATHY.

It was one of those beautiful evenings in the beginning of September, when the full orbed moon rides with splendid majesty over the glossy bosom of the deep. Not a sound was heard, save the screeching of the sea-fowl, or the sail fluttering from the loss of the soft breeze which was scarcely sufficient to fill it, when Captain Heartley dropped anchor in —— roads. Laying within view of the town, and not more than half a mile distant, he ordered the barge to be manned; and, changing his uniform for a plain coat and hat, he stept in, and desired

them to pull gently, to the pier-head. It was the finest night ever beheld; and, now about high flood, the face of the old ocean presented one smooth and mighty mirror. Not a breeze nor a billow was heard to agitate the waters; and the dashing of the oars, at measured intervals, seemed rather to mark than disturb the silence; Heartley, though not much addicted to sadness, was just then rather inclined to pensive thought than the pursuit of pleasure. A thousand associations brought to his recollection his once loved Mary, whose hand he had foolishly forfeited, through a mistaken sentiment of honor. Amidst this melancholy musing, the boat struck the pier, and roused him from his reverie. As he ascended the steps the clock struck nine. He therefore ordered the boat to be in waiting till ten, at which time he meant to return to the ship.

Proceeding onwards, he perceived something move slowly before him. Coming a little nearer, he thought he discovered the

form of a female dressed in white, which at that moment disappeared, behind some timber, piled up there, for the purpose of repairing vessels. As soon as he arrived at the spot, however, he stopped, in order to convince himself of the fact; when he perceived a lady leaning on the side of the promontory, gazing on the wide expanded ocean. She started at his first appearance, and seemed to look around for some way to escape, without passing by him. Seeing him, however, advance slowly and respectfully, she appeared to recover in some degree her former composure. "Forgive this intrusion, madam," said he, in a subdued tone, "and allow me the honor to protect you, during your stay here." She made no reply, but, resuming her former position, continued to fix her eyes on the water. By some further observations, he at length compelled her to beg him to leave her, as she merely waited the arrival of a friend. This, however, he positively refused

to do, till he had at least the satisfaction of placing her in the hands of the person she expected—one who, from a longer acquaintance, or tried friendship, or even perhaps the tenderest of all ties, might be authorised.

This was too much. Her bosom was agitated, and he heard distinctly the stifled sigh. A gentle inclination of the head, accompanied with an urbane smile, which glistened through the tears, gave him a view of her beautiful countenance; in one moment, it conveyed to his bosom feelings which were undefinable even to himself. It had, however, more of sweetness and feminine softness, than of dignity and importance—a look rather of supplication, of tenderness and affection, than of command, or even of self-possession. He threw himself at her feet, and seized her hand with perhaps more ardour than respectful tenderness. She tore it from his grasp with a faint scream. She faltered a few steps, and fell senseless upon one of the piles. He

flew, instantly to raise, and endeavour to recal her to a state of sensibility. At length, opening her fine blue eyes, and fixing them stedfastly upon his :—" Are you," said she, " come to save me ?" " I am," said he ; "and perish the monster, who, being blest with thy love, could neglect, or leave thee to despair. Have confidence, dear lady, and rely on one who is proud to protect and save you. This soothing language succeeded in bringing her back to reason; when, bursting into a flood of tears, " pardon me, Sir," she said ; " pity me ; and, as you are a gentleman, respect me. I am a woman, most unfortunate, but not wicked ; I am friendless ; and--" Here her sobs choaked her utterance. "No," interrupted he, " say not friendless ; for here is an arm that has strength to defend thee, and a heart," laying his hand on his breast, " that is ever open to the woes of others. Besides I am a naval officer, and that should at least imply a man of honor. That is," said he,

pointing to his ship, "the vessel of which I have the honor to be commander—but let us leave this lonely place, and walk towards the town."

Drawing her hand gently within his arm, they proceeded slowly onwards. He now endeavoured to draw from her some facts respecting her situation, and in particular what had brought her to such a solitary spot unattended, at so late an hour, but without effect. Coming near the entrance of the town she again requested him to quit her, assuring him that she durst not be seen in the company of a stranger. "Forget that I am so," said he, "and tell me who it is that you fear. Is it a rigid father or an anxious mother?" "No, oh! no;" said she; "I am not so happy; neither parent is spared to me." "Who then are the friends that you speak of?" "No friends, you mistake me; I repeat that I have no friends; but my neighbours watch me narrowly, and take every opportunity to judge

me harshly." "Alas! there is none amongst them who are worthy of you, or they would not have scattered so fair a flower to the winds. Speak to me no more of leaving you, for I am resolved to see you home." She seemed alarmed, and begged that he would not persist: "for that—that—indeed, she could not—durst not—" Here he interrupted her. "You say you have no friends who love you, none to protect you, who, then, do you fear?"

She was silent; and they walked on till they arrived at a small door, which seemed to be the back entrance to a genteel looking house. She hesitated, stood in a listening attitude, then with a sudden, but feeble effort, endeavoured to push open the door; but so great was her trepidation as to deprive her of the power. He did so; and they proceeded up a narrow staircase, which led to a part of the building which seemed to be in ruins, but which nevertheless communicated with the rest of the

house. At the top of the landing, in a niche in the wall, stood a small taper, which, taking in her hand, the fair conductress led the way to her hapless abode. On entering, she placed the glimmering light, scarcely emitting its rays a yard around it, on a small deal table, which stood in the middle of a large barn-like looking room; and which, with three chairs, placed at immense distances against the whitened walls, seemed to constitute the chief part of its furniture. A small bed, however, or rather couch, placed at the further end, had at first escaped Heartley's notice, but it was soon attracted thither by the mistress of this dreary abode, not staying to bid him welcome, but running and throwing herself upon her knees before it, and sobbing aloud in broken accents a prayer, or rather thanks to the All-wise disposer of events, who had once more restored her to succour and protect her dear forsaken child.

He now approached the pillowless couch,

on which was laid the sweetest child he had ever beheld; nor could he restrain his feeling at the sight of so much lovely innocence and beauty, contrasted with such wretchedness. "Oh! do not for Heaven's sake awake her," exclaimed the almost frantic mother; "for if she awake, she must,"—at this moment, the child opened its eyes; and stretching out its little hands to her, began to weep bitterly. He enquired the cause, and begged that he might not stand in the way of her doing any of those kind offices so natural to the fond mother, and so necessary to the child. "Oh! no," said she hesitatingly, "I cannot; it is too late to get any thing to-night; and I have not"————"Not at all," interrupted he; "you can have any thing," rising to look for a bell. "O! not for the world," said she; "do not alarm any one, or I am undone." "O! I want something to eat, mama," said the child still weeping. "Oh! my child, my child," exclaimed she,

"this is too much. This was what I dreaded to meet, and from which I would have been the wicked coward to have shielded myself in death, and to have left this sweet innocent to suffer alone all the pangs of famishing hunger. Oh! forgive me, heaven! if thou, Mary, canst forgive thy heart-broken mother." Here she wept aloud and bitterly, which Heartley did not attempt to controul, thinking it necessary for the relief of her mind. As soon, however, as she was sufficiently calm, he rose, and, taking up his hat, and at the same time laying his gold repeater on the table, he very respectfully asked her permission to call for it in a quarter of an hour. She looked surprised, but bowed assent.

He hastily withdrew, and, leaving the little door ajar, flew to the first hotel, and ordered such refreshments as the house might be able to furnish immediately. As soon as it was ready, he desired to be informed of the entire expense, includ-

ing tray, vessels and every appendage, as he intended to discharge the porter at the door, and would not trouble him to come again, as it might be late before they could be given back. This arranged, he as quickly returned; and going a few paces beyond the door, turned suddenly round, as if he had just recollected something, and desired the porter to rest the tray on the ground, and run back for a handkerchief which he had left at the hotel. As soon as the man was out of sight, he took up the load, and, retreating a few steps, soon gained admission to his suffering friend. He entered triumphantly with his tray; and never did any light-footed *coming Sir* trip more nimbly, or with more self-satisfaction than he did at that moment. Placing it upon the table, he drew it to the little couch on which sat his two *protégees*, and had it been merely at beauty's shrine that he wished to have paid his devoirs, he

might have fallen down and worshipped there.

Never was there any thing so strikingly beautiful as the different emotions of joy, sorrow, fear, but most of all—surprize, which alternately took possession of the lovely features of the mother; while the child, whose first effort was to satisfy the cravings of hunger, soon became all delight and pleasure for a short time, and then sank into a serene sleep. "What a delightful, and interesting object," said he: "how calm and peaceful! that surely is enough to shed all happiness around it." "And of all this," said she, "you are the cause. Accept, then, my thanks. But in what words shall I ever be able to convey the grateful feelings of my heart?" "Forgive me," said he, "forgive me, intruding yet a little further. Say truly are you indeed held in the bonds of wedlock?" "Yes, truly," said she, "too truly; and by one who held his own so lightly as to be able to shake them

off at pleasure; and even to attach himself to another, leaving me and my unborn babe in chilling poverty, to famish amidst the scorns and frowns ever attendant on deserted woman."

Whilst she spoke he gazed at her with amazement, that any man could abandon so much beauty, good sense, virtue and constancy; and bearing, at the same time, his own offspring in her bosom. His eyes now became rivetted on her face; for he began to recognize the features, faded and altered as they were by sickness and sorrow, of his former love, his once adored Mary! He was on the point of discovering himself to her; but happily recollected himself in time, as it might have wounded her pride or hurt her better feelings.—"But pardon me, madam," continued he, "would it not be possible to divorce a man so unworthy of you?" "Truly, Sir," replied she, with a look of pensive modesty, "I do not know, for it is a subject that I have never

thought of." For the present, he urged this matter no further, though he perhaps already began to cherish prospects connected with it; but folding the little Mary in his arms, he imprinted a kiss on her cheek; then, holding her out to her mother, "there," said he, " I will restore your child to you, provided you will accept the means of her support till I return. She is already mine by adoption: her I will ever support and protect. Then taking a bank note of considerable amount from his pocket, he folded it within the hand of the unconscious innocent, and returned her to the trembling mother, whose pale looks and emaciated form had not so forcibly struck him as at this moment. He inquired if she was suddenly ill? "No," replied she; "but so much goodness and generosity, so near the brink of ruin, nay of eternity! Oh! let me, ere you depart, fall on my knees and worship my deliverer." Here he was again afraid of the great sensibility of her feelings over-

powering her. He therefore used every means in his power to sooth her; and as soon as he had succeeded, took a hasty, but affectionate leave.

Treading lightly down the stairs, he soon gained the little door; and, having shut it softly, he threw away caution, and ran with all possible speed down to the sea side, where he found his poor fellows cheerfully waiting. "Come, bear a hand, my boys,' said he, stepping into the boat; 'tis past two o'clock; pull away, my lads, and get a double allowance of grog." "Thank your honor," said Jack; "and we'll drink it to your honor's good health." Arrived on board, he saw his promise fulfilled to the boat's crew; and then threw himself into his cot, having previously given orders to sail, at day-break, to complete his cruise in the North Sea.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XXIV.

SYMPATHY,

CONTINUED.

'O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
What share I now, "that can your loss repay,"
While o'er my mind these clouds of thought are spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray!'

SCOTT.

SYMPATHY,

CONTINUED.

In the course of a six weeks' cruise in the North Sea, Captain Heartley had leisure to reflect upon all that had occurred on the night of adventure; on all that he had done, and on all that he had thought of doing. The anxiously looked for day arrived. The ship was moored; all hands were on deck; and all, as he thought, had happy expectations depicted in their looks. How different were his feelings, on the present from those on his former arrival! No dull, listless apathy, no want of excitement, or attractive object now,

existed; and he laughed and skipped about with almost boyish lightness.

" Strike my topsail," said Tom Steady, " if it is'nt a pleasure to squint at him! Why I hav'nt seen the captain in such trim ever since the night that we saved the Mary. 'Tis ten years this here month. Aye, he was only a middy then, but a bold one I'll warn't me." ' D—m my eyes,' says Jack Rattle to me, ' Tom, what's that right a head?' I ran forward, and could just see a ship in distress, sinking fast. I sang out amain; our noble commander was officer of the watch; all hands upon deck was the cry; every boat was ordered out to save the crew, but without hope. I was in the long boat with his honor. ' Pull away, pull away, my lads,' said he; ' the saving of one life will amply reward us;' and pulling off his coat, he stepped forward, and ordered one of the weakest hands to take the rudder. He seized the oar, and swore that if we got first to the ship,

every man should have two days' liberty in the first port we came to. We pulled away, and reached her, just as she seemed to be in the act of foundering. This did not deter our gallant leader; but making fast the boat, he ran up her side, cheering us on. We followed quick, and found the crew in a state of exhaustion. He ordered some to the pumps, and others to the hold to hoist out every thing that could lighten her. We had nearly compleated our work, when the rest of the boats reached her: and, in a very few seconds, she was again in deep water. We returned to our ship, and our hero, advancing to the quarter deck, hove out a signal for us all to follow him, and going up close along side of the captain, 'These,' says he, 'are the fine fellows that have saved the Mary: I have promised them two days' liberty, and hope that you will give leave for the performance.' 'Aye,' said the captain, 'and a crown bowl of punch for each brave fellow into the bargain.'

We thanked our kind commander; and, seizing the gallant middy, our noble captain, we hove him almost mast high, with three cheers for the gallant preserver of the Mary.'

Tom's last word caught Heartley's ear; it thrilled in his heart, and his blood rushed quickly through his veins at the name, "What," said he, "Tom, have you a Mary?" "No your honor; my sweetheart's name is Bess; but she is not worth talking about, compared to your honor's Mary, whose life you so gloriously saved." "But how? what!" said Captain Heartley—do you know any thing of my Mary!" "Bless your honor! wasn't I one of the first to jump into the boat after you, and give glory to your honor, in the presence of the crew, by laying hold of you, and throwing your honor almost over the yard-arm?

"And didn't your honor skip and play among us, all as one as you had been bred and born in the same hammock with us.

and started the rum in all quarters, till we might have swabbed the decks with it? A British tar never forgets such times as these, your honor; his heart is printed all over with kind deeds and glorious actions, just the same as my Bett's mantle-piece is with ships, anchors, turtle doves, and bleeding hearts; and as for herself, your honor, why, she is as kind and true-hearted as the best of them, although she don't blubber and fling the chairs about, and fall into high starricks, and all that ere. She's always in good trim, rigged out like a captain's lady—white cotton stockings and purple shoes, straw hat and red streamers, a blue silk handkerchief in her hand, which is the signal as soon as I heave in sight to prove that she's constant. Aye, she's the girl, your honor! excuse my freedom, your honor: but she is just the girl your honor would glory in."

"You are a right good fellow, Tom," said Captain Heartley; "both in regard to your

duty and bravery, and not the less so for your constancy." Here Tom made a bow so low and so sudden, as almost to endanger the captain by a capsize. "Thank your honor; very true, as you say, your honor, for the lubber who could stand by and see a pretty woman in distress, without lending a hand to save her, or put to sea without taking her in tow, is no man at all, and deserves to go plump to Davy Jones's locker, for you may take your oath he is no sailor." "Go to the purser, Tom," said the Captain, "and rig yourself out, fit to go on shore with me; for I mean to raise you to the rank of coxwain of my cutter from this moment. Therefore bear a hand; get ready," another low bow, and a scrape, first with one foot, and then with the other, thanking the captain, and swearing he'd be off like a shot.

The hands were piped, and the cutter manned, with the new coxwain in possession of the steerage, dressed in the high

uniform of a coxwain's jacket and trowsers, hat shining like a mirror, and a queue as thick, and as long, as the rudder which he was so proud to guide: a large quid of tobacco protruded one of his cheeks to an enormous size, and which ever and anon he squirted over his larboard shoulder into the sea; no small mark of his knowledge of manners, and of his high consideration for the captain.—" Now for the fiddle and the lasses, my lads," said the Captain, "you shall all have liberty till ten o'clock: there is a guinea to christen your new coxwain. They gave three cheers, and pointing their oars upwards, arranged themselves in the usual form for the Captain to pass between, trying to look as sober and solemn as mutes at a funeral; but as soon as he had fairly set his foot on shore, they burst out in exclamations of oaths, and gloryfyings and success, and good luck to his honor, till he was fairly out of sight.

They were happy, so was he; for now

he was within a quarter of an hour's walk of the old ruinous abode with which he was so horror struck at his first entrance; but to which he returned with a feeling of exquisite delight. "How," said he to himself, "will she receive me? Will she throw aside all reserve and fly into my arms as her acknowledged friend? Will she, like the fond mother, present with trembling heart her darling child to participate in the happy embrace? or will she look cold and—no, no; I will not allow my fancy to draw such a picture of so amiable a creature. So feelingly alive to all that is good and virtuous, she cannot be insensible to love and gratitude."

He had just finished these reflections as he reached the little door. Hearing no one, he opened it softly, and proceeded to the door of the apartment. This was also closed. He knocked softly; but received no answer. He repeated it; but all was silent. Fearful of being observed, he ven-

tured to lift the latch. The door opened; but no loved object was there. A gloomy stillness reigned, and the grinning chasms in the old wall, seemed to laugh in derision at his disappointment. He advanced to the little couch on which he left the sleeping infant guarded by its interesting mother. How lovely, how enchanting was the recollection of the scene, even in this frightful haunt of wretchedness. He gazed upon its bare structure, for not a vestige of its scanty covering remained, nor was there any trace of human existence in this dreary ruin. They have removed, thought he, and wisely, from such a death-like vault. "But where shall I seek them? perhaps they have gone to a more commodious part of the house? I will enquire." He was hastening down stairs to do so, when he remembered her great caution and secrecy. He therefore changed his resolve, and took a walk, with a view to consider what he had best do in this affair.

He had not strolled more than half a mile distant, when he was attracted by the loud laugh of a young woman running with, and diverting a little child, on a grass plot before the door of a small cottage. He stopped for a moment, to observe their innocent pleasure, which was evidently as much enjoyed by the child of larger growth, as by the smaller one. Observing him, however, she gave up the chase, which he regretted; and, offering an apology he begged she would continue her sport, and forget that he had interrupted her. She looked archly and confusedly, assuring him with a curtesy, that she was only playing to please the child. "And that," said he, "I am sure is no sin, or shame either, though it even were your own, as I dare say it is by its pretty looks." "No," said she, blushing deeply; "but I love it as well as if it were my own." "I believe you," said he, "from my heart; but pray tell me who are the parents of this little cherub? for it strikes

me that I have seen it before." "No, Sir," said the girl, "I believe you are mistaken in regard to that; and, as to parents, she has none, and that's what makes me so fond of her. Father, she never had none; and as to her mother, she was as good a creature as ever lived, although she is dead now. And so is little Miss, for she is as good as gold. I keeps her nice and clean, and nourishes her with all that lays in my power; and if I had a home of my own, she should never want one, if it was only for the sake of her that is dead, and in her grave. Come here, Miss Mary, and let the gentleman look at you," said she. "When you look at her, you see her dear mother." "Would to heaven that I did so," exclaimed he, "for this surely is my Mary!" but stretching out his hand to lay hold of the child, she suddenly snatched her away, saying, "your Mary! yes, I dare say, you are going to deceive me! I'll part with my life sooner,"

and, running into the cottage, shut the door.

He followed and knocked. It was almost instantly opened by an old woman, who was her mother, as she desired to know what it was he wanted with her daughter? adding, that he must not think of coming there after her, as she wished for no such acquaintance. He begged to assure her that that was farthest from his thoughts, and all he wanted was to know something more respecting the child which she had taken with her into the house. "Oh! very well," said she, "if that is all you want, I am sure you shall have that, and the brat into the bargain, if you wish it; for as I say, what's every body's business is nobody's business, so that I dare say that nobody will quarrel with you about that." "Very well," said he, "bring me the young woman and the child." "The young woman—and the child," retorted she, shutting one of her eyes,

and drawing up the corners of her mouth, "that is another matter ; I am as cunning as you, my buck ; and as my daughter is one thing, and the child is another, you have only got to tell me which it is as you wants?" placing her arms akimbo, and staring him full in the face. He was in no humour for merriment, or he might have had some amusement with the old woman ; but he answered sternly, "the child, the child!" "Why do you really mean that for certain? Mayhap, then, you are the father." He motioned with his head, which she construed in her own way, and mollifying her voice into a simpering tone, desired Betsey to bring the little dear out to her father; and, though he was come to take her away, she did not doubt but that he would make her amends for the special care that she had taken of little Miss.

Receiving no answer, she repeated her commands in a higher key. Betsey made her appearance, but without the child,

and viewing him with a suspicious eye, desired to know what right he had to the child, and also his name, declaring that she would not give it up, unless he could shew his certificate that he was its father. " Hold your tongue, you idiot," said the mother, " men are never obliged to take their oath upon any such a matter ; and any gentleman who may choose to believe himself the father of a child, may always have the pleasure of providing for it, to be sure. So bring the sweet creature out, and give her to her father ; she is as like him, (now that I think of it) as two peas. But pray, sir, walk in, and we will tell you all about it. Don't be afraid to walk in ; for though we be poor, we valley our caraters ; and, though I say it, there isn't a nater, tidier garl in the whole parish, nor one as is more followed by all ranks, both great and small ; and that you see was the reason that I was so afraid to let you in ; but now that we know who you are, why I ban't afraid

nothing at all about it; and so I shall leave it to our Bet to tell the story, for I have given her the best of edication; and so she will be able to word it better than I shall do; so I will stand by just to put her right."

"And what should you put me right about?" said Betsey, looking very cross. "I am sure you know nothing about the matter; for I am certain sure my mistress never told you, nor any one but me, any thing about her concarns, and I am not agoing to tell again, I knows; and, more on all that, if Mr. Thingamy had wanted to know what his wife was a doing for three yare that he vas a vay, why he might have stayed at home with her, and then he would ha known without axing. Besides, if he had had a mind to have done any thing for her, why didn't he come time enough to save her life before she died?" "Dead!" said Captain Heartley, in an agony; "impossible!" and clapping his hands to his burning forehead, burst into a

flood of tears. "Yes, dead," echoed she, "as sure as you are alive; and it isn't all the snivelling in the world that will bring her to life; and as to your false tears, why I vod'nt give a farthing for a bucket full of them; and as to give that there child to you, why I vod sooner take and tie her at my back, and go a begging with her. To see what I have seen, with the wants and sufferings of her dear mother before her death!"

"O God!" exclaimed Captain Heartley. "Aye," said she, "your conscience may well prick you; and I wish no worser wish to you, than that you may suffer as much for her, as what she did for you. And as I was saying, when I first went to live servant with her just after you were gone, and before the dear child was born, her sufferings was enough to melt the heart of a stone. And hav'nt I seen her set and weep for whole days and nights together, and never go inside a bed till, God knows, ere long

she had not one to go inside of; and then I thought she would have died upon the spot, when they came and seized all the things for the rent, and turned her and the dear baby into the street. The varmints offered, howsomdiver, to let me stay and take care of the house till it was let, and so I agreed to stop, not for their sake, nor yet so much for my own, as for my poor homeless mistress and her famishing infant. I lent a hand to clear the house as quick as possible, all but the furniture of my own room, which was left for my use during my stay there; I determined to shelter them at least for a time; and if I should be found out, and turned adrift, why then we would all go together. As soon as I had the house to myself, I flew to the back door, which opened very handy to my apartment, being part of the old house, which was left standing, after the front had been pulled down and rebuilt, and found my dear mistress shivering and shaking, and the dear

child in her arms crying with cold. I brought them into the room, where I had contrived to make a fire on the hearth. My poor mistress smiled, as she sat herself down, to think how we had cheated the old ruffian that had doomed them to lodge in the cold and rain; for it was such a night surely as never was seen; so I stirred up the fire, and drew my little couch, which stood at the further end of the room, right before it. I laid the little darling upon it; I locked all the doors, and swore that if King George, or even you yourself came, I would not let him in that night."

Captain Heartley was several times on the point of undeceiving her; but as often checked himself, thinking that a discovery might prevent her proceeding with her story, so painful, yet so interesting to his heart.—— "We staid there," continued she, "a few weeks, without any interruption, till the house was let. 'What now will become of us,' said she. 'Oh! my poor baby, shall

we again be turned into the street!' 'hope for the best, ma'am,' said I; 'something will turn up, and if all happens right, as I hopes it will, and I gets a home of my own as I expects, why then, you sha'nt want one.' But alack a day! that was'nt to be; for the ship was sent abroad, and so that spoiled my marriage for that time. However, what is to be, shall be; and it may be my lot to have him yet. But as I was telling you, Sir," said she, (for by this time she had talked away the chief part of her anger) "about my poor mistress, just as we were talking of what was to be done, and she, poor soul, sinking almost into despair, the lady who had taken the house arrived. My heart was full, and so were my eyes, and for the soul of me I could not utter a word till I had told her the whole story. She said she was very sorry for my lady's misfortune, and as she did not want that part of the house which she was in for the present, she might remain till

further notice. I, however, got my discharge, and soon found another situation; but my poor lady, though she had a house over her head, was often without bread; sometimes getting a few shillings by needlework, and sometimes entirely without the means of subsisting, till at length, drove by necessity and heart-broken, she applied for relief from the parish. And never shall I forget the day, for I believe it was the first nail in her coffin (here the poor girl wept;) for on her death bed she told me all—every thing; but, although she never told me to keep any thing secret, yet I will not tell you any thing that she told me, except what the overseer said to her.

" On her going in with that dear child in her arms, he desired her to put it down, and began instantly to abuse her for wasting her time in nursing a damn'd brat, that was as able to walk as he was. Terrified with his brutal behaviour, and fairly exhausted before she had submitted to this last resource,

(as I think she called it) she sunk upon a seat that stood near her, to prevent her falling to the ground. 'Stand up, madam,' said he, with a sneer; 'I shall see you to more advantage.' She attempted to obey him, but was quite unable to support herself, and fell back again upon the chair. 'Excellent,' the monster cried out; 'well, I have seen many a good piece of acting among these here sort of gentry,' said he to one of his colleagues, who stood near him, 'but this fine lady beats all my acquaintance. Hum! now, ma'am, when you have done fainting, you will condescend to answer me a few questions. Pray, madam, what is your name?' 'My name, Sir, is——.' 'Oh! yes, I recollect; I think I have had the pleasure of meeting with you before: I mean in my official duties.' 'Never,' said she, 'under any circumstances, for it would have been impossible for me to have forgotten it, and would certainly have saved me these painful moments.' 'Your

answer is very fine, I dare say, if any body could understand it; but I will thank you not to make the next so long'—looking to his brother officers, as he called them, for approbation. 'And pray, whose child is that?' 'It is mine.' 'Humph! you might have told a fool that; but pray do you happen to know who the father is?' 'Yes,' answered she, indignantly, 'my husband.' 'And who is he?' 'I do not know,' replied she, bursting into tears. 'Oh; oh!' said he, shaking his head, 'that's a blind story.' (looking round and winking) 'Oh! what sad rogues there are in the world, that run away and leave their poor wives, without marrying them. But we'll bring him back, I war'nt me. Hand over your certificate, my girl.' My poor mistress replied, that she had not one. 'I thought so: well then go and fetch it; and by the time you come back, we shall have got a whole purse of money ready for you; only we never give it but to those who can

prove upon black and white, that they are entitled to it.'

"My mistress rose, and taking up the child (which she dared not to touch till this moment, and which stood trembling with its eyes fixed upon the monster who had ordered her to be put down at their first entrance, and who, she saw, even her mother was obliged to obey) she embraced her, and endeavoured to convey comfort in her heart, although her own was sinking, cold and destitute. On reaching home she took the remains of a small loaf of bread which had been their only support for the two preceding days, and dividing it, gave her famishing child one half with a little water, whilst she placed carefully the other between two broken plates, to preserve it moist till night. Then she wandered about, to amuse the child, till bed-time arrived, when, drawing forth the last scanty morsel, she gave it, amidst bitter pangs of hunger, tears, and prayers for relief, and succour for her infant.

A sweet sleep soon came over it, as it lay in her bosom. Glad to see it at rest, yet loth to part, she made many attempts to lay it on its little couch ; kissing it a thousand times, and weeping bitterly, till, afraid of waking it, and again witnessing it's cries of hunger, she resolved! and lying it gently down, she breathed a fervent prayer for it's timely preservation, and tore herself from the room, nor stopped till she had reached the———"

There the faithful Betty stopped—saying, "but I always promised never to tell what she was going to do, nor who it was that prevented her." "It was I, Betty," said Captain Heartley, springing from his seat, for he could contain his feelings no longer. "Yes, you have mistaken me, all this while for the worthless husband of your mistress! I am Captain Heartley, of whom I find you have been made acquainted by her. But pray make me acquainted with the circumstance of her death."

The girl continued. " Well, Sir, then, as I was saying; but I need not tell you what you already know, about your goodness and kindness, both in regard to saving her life, and providing for her future support; but I am sorry to tell you, that it is my opinion that it was the over joy of seeing her dear child again in plenty and comfort in such a sudden and wonderful manner; together with the great sufferings of want she had so lately experienced, which threw her on a bed of sickness, from which she was relieved by death, in a few days after your departure.

" I left my place on purpose to attend her, and carried my few shillings of wages which was due to me; but how to offer it to her I did not know, as I well knew that she would refuse to take it, even though she was dying for want. So, in going along, I thought of a plan to deceive her, by telling her, that I had met a person who paid me a small debt some time due to her. She

smiled and shook her head, looking doubtful, but, at the same time, taking my hand, called me her worthy friend, bidding me sit down by her, while she told me all that had happened.

"When she had ended, she gave me money to go immediately, and supply our present necessities. Off I flew, with heart as light, and feet as nimble, as though I had been going to provide my own wedding dinner; but alas! alas! it was much nearer her funeral than my wedding; for when I returned I found her in a high fever, and before night she was quite delirious. I ran for the doctor, and brought him with me; but as soon as he saw her, he shook his head, and said that it was too late; but he would send some medicine, and come again in the morning. He did so; but all was over. My dear mistress was a corpse, with her innocent baby sleeping by her side, and myself in a state fit for bedlam.

"He strove to pacify me, and began to

speak to me, concerning the dear creature, asking who she was, and who were her friends. I told him, that she had none but myself: but that I had means sufficient to pay him for his trouble, and also to lay her decently in her grave, if once I could make up my mind to the parting with her. 'And that dear little child,' said he—'have you the means also of providing for it?' 'Yes,' said I, 'while I have health and strength to work, and though I have lost my dear mistress, thank God I can have a good character from my last place.' He now offered to assist me, saying, that my conduct was such as deserved it. I thanked him, and said that I would only trouble him for his advice respecting the funeral. This he very readily gave; I followed his directions in every thing, and I had the satisfaction to see her laid in her silent tomb, in a decent manner becoming her station. Her dear child and I followed her as chief mourners.

"I did not return any more to the late dreary abode of my departed mistress, but bent my steps slowly homeward to my mother's cottage; where, amidst her scolding and threats, I have contrived to keep the poor little thing ever since. And little did I think, when I snatched her from you so rudely, which I hope you will forgive, that I was taking her from her best friend."

"That you were taking her from a friend, my future conduct will prove; but the appellation of best belongs to you. Continue, therefore, to deserve it, and accept the means to support it from me, who have, as you already know, promised to her deceased parent to protect and provide for her. Therefore choose your residence, and I will guarantee the payment." Saying this, he shook the hand of Betty very kindly, and was just leaning over her to kiss his adopted child, when in burst Tom Steady!

Seeing the Captain at close quarters (as he called it) with Bet, he was about to cast

off, and steer his course in chase of another; but recollecting that she was his fair prize, having fought a hard battle for her, he tacked about ship, and saluted the Captain with a volley of oaths. The Captain prepared for a broadside; but hailing Tom, he hoisted a flag of truce. Tom doused his colours, and struck his top, to let the Captain see he never lost sight of his duty; but, telling him at the same time that he would not surrender Bet to King George, nor even to the Admiral himself, but in the same fair and proper way in which he gained her; which was all fair and above board; and if his honor didn't like that, why all he had to do, was to cut and run. The Captain took the hint, and withdrew for a few seconds, leaving Tom to enjoy his triumph; well knowing that the roaring of a cannon was the only argument that could reach the ear of an enraged man of war, and that victory would inevitably tame the lion.

He was right; for as soon as Bet hove

out her signal of constancy, namely, the blue handkerchief, Tom dropt the fire, and grappling her close, swore he would tow her into love's harbour, and moor her fast in the chains of wedlock. "And go," said he, "Bess, and tell the Captain that I heartily forgive him; but first look here, Bet, and see what the Captain has done for me while I was away," shewing her his uniform. "Why you did'nt see that I was made an officer?" Bet looked pleased; but it was at her own thought of surprising Tom in her turn. So holding up the child to him— "And there," said she, "look what the Captain have done for me while you were away! Why you didn't see that I was made a ——" "Why no," said Tom, "I didn't exactly see that to be sure; I thought you were in full chase after it; but why didn't you tell me that at first, and then I never would have blown away powder and shot after you." Seeing Bet in tears, however: "Come, come," said he, "avast

snivelling: don't be downhearted; I can't stand a woman's tears, for they rattle about a fellor's heart all the same as grape shot, and do a sight more execution than eighteen pounders. Besides, if you will take your affidavy, that you love me better than the Captain, why then here I am ready to marry both you and the child, provided that you never will let any of my shipmates know who is the father of it."

Betsey made the promise; but Tom would not give her time to explain the matter before he gave another hug, and swore that he would never upbraid her,—when the Captain again made his appearance, thinking that by this time all mistakes had been set right. Tom instinctively rose and uncovered at his entrance; and holding out his hand in token of peace, swore that he freely forgave him, and assured him that he should never find him skulk from his duty, nor let any of the crew know what had happened between them, provided he would

only keep his own counsel with regard to poor Bet and the child. The Captain looked as if he suspected some mistake, and asked the young woman if she had explained every thing. " Aye, aye, your honor, all is explained, and you have surrendered all to me, your honor; and I swear to do my duty to both her and the child : so there, let us drop anchor, and drown all animosity in a bumper."

Betsey now begged to be heard in her turn, and assured the Captain that nothing had as yet been explained owing to the amazing talkativeness, as she called it, of Tom ; but if he would be so kind as to order him to hold his tongue, she would go on. The Captain commanded silence, and Tom responded ; " Aye, aye, your honor," in a voice of thunder, and then stood quiet and motionless, while Bet proceeded with her story, interrupted only by an occasional oath, or sob from Tom, at those distressing scenes regarding the mo-

ther, which she was occasionally led into, in explaining the nature of her attachment to the child; till she came to that part of the story respecting the noble Captain's so generously conferring the means of support on the orphan; when Tom could not hold out any longer, but roared like a great calf, swearing and blubbering something about bravery and kind-heartedness always rowing in the same boat together.

"But how," said Bet, "do you expect to be forgiven for your outrageous conduct to your Captain?" "By the same standard that I forgave the Captain, when I thought that you had cut him adrift, and I had set him upon his beam-ends." "Well said, my hearty," replied the Captain; "and you shall have the same reception," (holding out his hand) "which I met with from you." Tom received it with modesty and manly respect, begging him at the same time to intercede for him with Bet, for the wrongs he had also done her. This the Captain

most readily did ; and, placing their hands together, gave them his blessing and free consent to be married the next morning, with an offer to give away the bride.

And here my readers may leave them to enjoy the honey-moon, while the Captain took his nightly walk to shed a tear on the lonely tomb of poor Mary.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XXV.

SYMPATHY,

CONCLUDED.

When shall vain memory slumber o'er her woes?
  When to oblivion be her tale resign'd?
When shall this fatal form in death repose,
  Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consigned?

GERRARD.

SYMPATHY,

CONCLUDED.

PEACE being proclaimed, many thousands of hearts were in one hour changed from "hope delayed" and long expectant sorrow, to pleasure, joy, and present happiness; putting on their gayest attire, and decking their faces in smiles to receive their husbands, children or lovers, and to welcome them after a long and hard fought warfare, to the bosom of a peaceful home. Amongst this number was Mrs. Steady; for no one possessed a better heart, or more constancy and truth; nor was she less remarkable for superior manners and carriage, the merit of which

she had the candour to assign to her deceased mistress, the mother of her foster child.

The heart of the orphan Mary did not participate less in the general joy ; for now did her nimble fingers ply the needle quicker to make handkerchiefs, shirts, &c. for the gunner, and ruffles and flounces for her kind friend, Mrs. Steady, who was now become a warrant officer's lady, through the means of Mary, as she was always proud to acknowledge ; for it was for her sake that Captain Heartley had taken so much notice of her, and raised Tom Steady to the rank, from coxwain, of gunner's mate, and from that to the gunner himself. Nor was this all the pleasure that the youthful Mary had in contemplation ; for she now hoped also to behold her kind friend and patron, Captain Heartley, whom she had not seen for many years.

In the mean time, however, she was happy to partake of the general joy that

surrounded her; for now Mr. Steady was arrived, and nothing was heard but the greeting of friends, invitations to tea, and rides into the country.

A few weeks, however, spent in frolicking, and a few accidents, such as breaking his collar bone and dislocating his ancle, set Mr. Steady down quietly in his own little cottage, which fell in nothing short of any of those domestic comforts so necessary to render life happy.

"Here," said he; "this is the port after all! Give me my pipe, Bet; and get you your knitting work, and set down alongside of me, and sing me one of your old ditties, such as you used to sing when I kept you company. And let Miss Mary, then, go and hang out half an hour, with some of the youngsters; for I'll bet my allowance, that her feet itch for a reel, or a race, or a game of leap-frog. Come, hand out that there India shawl as I brought home for her, and the ostrich feathers, and let us rig

her out before she goes." Mrs. Steady complied with her husband's wishes in every thing with regard to herself; but declined dressing Mary to go, as proposed, to race or play at leap-frog. "What," said Steady, "do you expect to keep young folks under hatches? Why, you might as well expect to keep the sea out with a pitch-fork. Come, come, let go the main sheet and ——"

"I will," said Mary, "if my dear mother (for so she always called her) pleases, go and take a walk," and throwing on her bonnet and shawl (not the India one) she proceeded to the churchyard, through which lay the path to the town. Stopping as was her custom, to pick a few wild flowers to strew upon the turf that covered the ashes of her never forgotten, though long deceased parent, she called to mind the sad hour, when Mrs. Steady hung over the grave and wept, with her in her arms,

charging her never to forget the spot which contained the remains of a tender mother.

Having paid the tributary tear, and turning round to depart, she observed a man sitting, or rather leaning, against one of the tombs by which she was obliged to pass, to regain the path. She started, and would have avoided passing close to him; but it was impossible, without stepping over, and as it were, upon the bodies of the dead. She therefore advanced with a firm and steady step, but she could not help looking earnestly in his face, which was dark and pale, his hair black and matted, and his beard of neglected growth. Over his lank form hung a tattered coat, which seemed once to have been a naval uniform, but of which scarcely a piece now remained large enough to tell its origin. His long thin fingers which held a wretched garment, his only covering, across his emaciated form, had more the appearance of the bleached bones of a skeleton, than the hand of a

living man. Indeed his whole aspect was as awful as the spot on which he stood, and to which he seemed already to belong.

Wrapt in thought, he appeared scarcely to perceive Mary, till she nearly approached him. When, retiring a little, in order to permit her to pass, he bent somewhat gracefully toward her, and asked her in a low but hollow tone, if she could point out to him a grave which he was anxious to discover; he then named that of her mother.——— Mary stood motionless, with her eyes fixed on his wretched figure, not knowing what to think, or how to act; till rallying her firmness a little, she looked steadily and composedly at the stranger, and desiring him to follow her—" There," said she, " sir, (with a kind look and respectful manner, proportioned to his wretchedness,) is the peaceful mansion of her you inquire for."

The stranger fell upon his knees, and clasping his withered hands together, wept

and motioned with his lips as if in prayer. This was too much for Mary ; and, turning her face from the scene to give vent to her own feelings, she allowed time to the penitent husband (for such he was) to confess his crime and shed his iron tears of remorse over the unconscious ashes of his deserted bride. " Forgive me, Heaven ! and thou dear excellence ! my much wronged and injured wife ! plead for me, thy unworthy husband ! at that tribunal where thy sainted spirit now ministers, and where thy dear infant sweeps the golden string, or hymns in chorus round the throne of mercy."

Mary who had listened with surprise and attention, conceived that she had discovered her father in the stranger, till his last sentence convinced her of her error. He too must labour under some mistake, thought she; for I have never heard of the child he alludes to. He had ceased ; and Mary took the opportunity to hint her doubts of its being the grave of the real object of his

solicitude. He seemed not to hear her till she continued—"that is the grave of my mother, of whom I am the living and only child." The stranger started up with a wild emotion, as if waking from a dream; and, fixing his glazed eyes on her with a vacant stare, seemed lost in doubt. Then, recovering himself, he made an effort to lay hold of her; but, sinking again on the earth, he exclaimed—"it is! it is my child! reserved by Heaven to reproach me in my last hour; deceived in this, as in all besides, by that fiend, who led me fettered and blindfold to the brink of misery, and hurled me headlong down!"

Mary now became seriously alarmed. Night came suddenly on, darkened by a black and heavy cloud which threatened an impending storm. The lightning flashed, and the loud peals of thunder seemed to shake the earth to its centre, whilst the rain poured in torrents. The darkness increased, and with it the terrors of the affrighted girl.

She attempted to move, when a sigh, or rather groan, rivetted her to the spot.

Mr. and Mrs. Steady, surprised at her delay, looked often at the window, and saw with much anxiety the gathering tempest and fast approaching night. "This will not do, Tom," said Mrs. Steady, "I must go and seek the child," (starting up and reaching her bonnet) when a loud knocking at the door greeted her glad ear, for this no doubt was her dear Mary. "Stir up the fire, Steady," said she (as she ran to open the door) "for I dare say the poor thing is drenched to the skin. Why where have you been all this time, child?" said she, (as she drew back the latch) and Captain Heartley walked in. "Good God!" exclaimed Mrs. Steady, her surprise and disappointment getting the start of her good manners. "I thought it had been the dear child! but do, Mr. Steady, bid the Captain welcome, while I run to seek her." "Who is it you are going to seek?" said Captain Heartley

arresting her, as she was flying past him. "Oh! it is my child! my Mary," said she as the lightning darted along the passage. "I will accompany you," said he; "and I will go also," said Steady, "lest you should get run down, or stove in, by some of these here land-lubbers, who know no more how to steer their course, than they who never were at sea in all their lives."

Taking the lanthorn in his hand, Tom reeled along before. The Captain and Mrs. Steady followed, directing him to take the church-yard path to the town, which was the nearest, as well as the most frequented by Mary. When they had reached about the middle, Mrs. Steady stopped instinctively just opposite the resting place of her dear departed friend, whose child she now sought with a mother's care. Directing her eyes to the spot, she discerned something white, moving like a handkerchief agitated by the wind. This was strange! Could it be Mary? benighted and over-

taken by the storm, while meditating at the grave of her lamented parent. Mrs. Steady attempted to call, but her agitation had deprived her of the power to do so. "Mary," vociferated Steady, with a voice that might have raised the dead around him.

This succeeded in reaching the ear, and rekindling the spark of life, which seemed more than half extinct in the heart of poor Mary, who making a signal with her handkerchief, they proceeded to the spot. But what was their surprise and horror, at beholding the wretched man stretched at length upon the grave, with glazed eyes, a ghastly countenance, and half covered limbs, stiffened as in death.

"Wonder not at my stay," said Mary, (as she recovered imperfectly the use of her voice:) "that," pointing to the dying man, "is the object of my attraction.——" O! do not disturb him, I beseech you!" said she to Steady, who was about to hail him, as he called it. Mrs. Steady called her a

silly child, and took hold of her hand to lead her away. But Captain Heartley wished to be made acquainted more fully with the matter. "It is my father," said Mary; "suffer me to embrace him ere he die."

At these words, the dying man raised his head; and casting a wistful look around, fixed his dim eyes on his daughter. Stretching out his feeble hand, now convulsed in death, he grasped that of Mary, and while he pressed it to his heart, and the blessing quivered on his tongue, she placed her cheek upon his lips, and he expired.

Mary fell on her knees to offer a prayer for the departed spirit of her father, while the rest of the group consulted on the best means of removing the body. This Mr. Steady undertook, while Captain Heartley conducted his ward and Mrs. Steady to their cottage.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XXVI.

EDINBURGH.

Pleased to have left yon sable cloud,
That buries millions in its shroud;
Alas! they toil, the sons of care!
And never breathe the purer air.

FAWKES.

EDINBURGH.

I AM so partial to Scotland that I always peruse even the humblest tribute in its praise with great pleasure. A couple of letters on the subject having accidentally fallen into my hands, I accordingly lay them before my readers, that they may sympathize in the delights of a Cockney, escaping from the noise and dust of Cheapside, to freedom and fresh air in the land of cakes and heather.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY

LETTERS FROM MR. PETER PRIG, TRAVELLER TO THE HOUSE OF CLUMPH AND COMPANY, TO HIS FRIEND IN LONDON.

DEAR JOHN,

What an advantage travelling gives a man over the rest of his neighbours!

A fellow who stands like a fixture behind his compter, has no chance of enlarging his mind, whilst the traveller who shakes off the London dust from his trowsers, divests himself of prejudice and the vernacular tongue together, and becomes *not* a Citizen of London, but a citizen of the world; he is easily naturalized (not neutralized as Mrs. Clumph would call it) any where, because he is himself a child of nature, and takes his mother for his guide. I was never so much convinced of this, as after sojourning a while in the Caledonian metropolis, that Emporium of Science, the great northern mart, as we say. How you untravelled Cocknies do mistake the Scot! You think Sandy a heavy, uncouth, uncultivated, sly creature: he is nothing of all this. Well then you consider the Aberdonian to be a sharp, tricky, slippery, selfish fellow: this is equally false. He may have a bit of these ingredients in his composition; but he is just as honest as ourselves—much plea-

santer and easier to deal with, but that's not to my purpose,—sink the shop!

On my first arriving on the Scottish borders, I was brimful of prejudice, and was prepared to quiz Sandy, as much as I could; and to mark the decided inferiority betwixt him, and ourselves. How my heart and my reason smite me for such an unworthy thought! kindness and hospitality have taken their revenge of me, in this point. The first savage sound which assailed my ears, was "come, Ben." For this familiarity I took the liberty of observing, that I did not stand nick names, that I was neither Ben nor Dick, and that I thought the address more free than welcome. The chambermaid stared; she was a pretty girl; and blushing modestly and enchantingly, she replied, "I hope, Sir, no offence; will you step in, to the fire?" "No, my dear;" replied I, "for if I did, I should burn myself; and as it is, I am between two fires, a noble one of Scotch coal, and your bright eyes,

which is the most ardent of the two." "What's your wull," replied Jeannie (such was her name.) "Why, love, I have not made my will, and I have no will of my own near such a sweet creature as you." "Tut," cried Jeannie, "I canna be fashed wi' you; you speak over high English for me, but my mistress will be *at you* in a moment." What this meant I knew not, but I was resigned. Her mistress came in—as lady-like a woman as ever I saw, and treated me with the most courtly respect and attention; I was half reconciled to Scotland already.

At this moment a barbarous fellow entered with "come awa' lassie; fire my chops weel, and be dune as quick as possible; where awa's the guid wife?" What gibberish! "I hope," thought I to myself, "that they won't attempt to *fire my chops;* but I'm determined, for the fun of the thing, to have a complete Scottish dinner. I therefore ordered a sheep's head and a haggis,

with the view of seeing as much of the country manners as I could, and I left the third dish to the landlady's good taste, calling for whiskey by way of beverage. Now, John, the sheep's head was singed, and had whole turnips around it; so that it looked like a black-a-moor's head garnished with snow balls; 'twas the most disgusting thing I ever saw. At this moment my epicureanism got the better of my politeness and knowledge of the world, and I cried, with an oath, " take away that monster of a thing!" " Oh!" said a pert hussey, with coal black eyes, and auburn hair (a very pretty girl too) " you dinna like sheep's heed, ablins you'll hae enough o' that at hame!" Devilish sharp, thought I——

She now brought me some decentish barley broth, and a boiled fowl, which was tol lol, but over-done; some very fine fish, and a bottle of as good port as any in the Lord Mayor's cellar. This made me a little easy; and the active bucksome style of the

lass quite struck my fancy. I had, however, only seen her face. Looking down I beheld her naked feet, which quite turned my stomach; but I was determined to be condescending, and to make myself agreeable to the natives; so smiling, "Bonny lassie," said I, (for I am an apt scholar, and had picked up that much Scotch already) "I think you have got your birthday stockings on!" "And you hae gotten your ball stays," replied she, alluding to my Cumberland corset. "Oh! Oh!" thought I; "quizzing, which I had made the order of the day, won't do here;" so I changed my tone.

I now came to the haggis. Gemini! what a horror! It looked like a boiled bagpipe; and when I stuck my knife in it, out gushed such a flood of abomination, that I was almost suffocated. I dispensed with master haggis; but when I came to taste the whiskey, it took me so powerfully by the throat, that I thought it would have suffo-

cated me again. I can compare it to nothing but blue blazes, and gunpowder, fire and smoke;—I now drank a bottle of Bell's ale—nectar and ambrosia! finished my wine, and ordering my horse, paid a very moderate bill, and prepared for my departure.

Well, said I to myself, first impressions are strong. I am now but a few miles in Scotland, and I find civil treatment, moderate charges, good wine and pretty girls: a man may do well enough here. I took a private lodging at Edinburgh, and made myself comfortable. I lodge and board in the new town, which beats Bath hollow, at a widow M'Clarty's. I took her at first for a poor distressed woman; but she has a fine sideboard of plate, engraved with the arms of the M'Clarty family, as proudly as if she were a duchess; table linen enough to set up a draper's shop, and the most splendid Bible I ever saw in my life; which she is always quoting, besides a very decent library,

and handsome furniture. She says she lets lodgings for company's sake, being a lone woman, but that's all my eye. However she is an uncommonly worthy, good sort of person.

At table, I expected to show off, for the party consisted of two ministers (as they call the parsons) and two young students, one of physic and the other of law; but I could scarcely get in a word edgeways. I began to flash a little about the state of Europe, when the elder minister, who might have been a minister of state for his knowledge, opened upon me, until I was quite dumb-founded. He had history at his finger's ends, and he knew more about the continent than I did about the counting-house, altho' a very uncouth shabby looking chap. The younger parson, too, would quote you all the British poets, and authors, with a facility that astonished me, but all in a broad accent, which proved that he had never crossed the borders. The law-

fellow seemed to want to talk nothing but Greek and Latin, mathematics, arts and sciences; but the medical gentleman, an Irishman, was as gay and flighty as you could wish, and seeing how flabergasted I was, he took me under his wing to shew me life. We finished the evening together, and with this I will finish my letter. Edinburgh is a rare place for learning, as you shall hear another time. In the mean while I remain,

Dear John,

Your's very truly,

PETER PRIG.

P. S. The lace *takes* finely; *vous m'entendez*, as we say in French. Pray take care of my bull bitch, and pay up my subscription to the club.

Nº XXVII.

EDINBURGH,

CONTINUED.

Falsely you blame our barren rocks and plains,
Happy in freedom and laborious swains
Our peasants cheerful to the field repair,
And can enjoy the labours of the year.

SPENCE.

EDINBURGH,

CONTINUED.

Dear John,

I improve every day in my knowledge of the Scots, and every day they improve in my esteem; which I attribute to the enlargement of my views, and my liberality. The student has taken me all over Edinburgh, and shown me a good deal of high life, and low life; of both of which you will easily conceive that there is plenty, when I tell you that I breakfasted with a learned doctor, in the first floor from Heaven, that is to say in the seventh story

from the ground floor; (high notions you'll allow) and that I danced reels, and supped seven stories below the doctor. Such a breakfast, John! tea and coffee, eggs, ham, boiled fish, honey, marmalade, cold moor fowl, dried fruit, besides a hundred kinds of bread. I think a fellow must be difficult indeed, if he is not pleased with such fare, tacked on to a hearty welcome.

The doctor is a young beginner, but no doubt he will soon get into practice, for he is very intimate with the fashionable undertaker here, who can introduce him, and then there may be a mutuality of service. Deadly bad I hear you cry! But I assure you that all is fashion here, from the doctor and the doer, down to the coachmaker and to him whose vehicle is "the carriage after all."

Now lest you should suppose that the doctor and the doer are synonimous terms, I beg leave to tell you that the former is the physician, and the second is the lawyer;

both, as well as the undertaker, belonging tŏ *grave* professions. Well, in spite of that, the Scotch have fine constitutions, and their lawyers are the honestest I ever met with. One of them recovered a debt for me, free, gratis, for nothing, only because he met me at a twenty-seventh Highland cousin's, whereas my attorney in London dined with me once, and then charged me for his dinner, and almost every word of our conversation.

At the ball below stairs, I expected to be quite the go, but I found that I fell short in my performance there, as well as in the scientific conversation, for every body reads, and every body dances, and learning is so cheap in the Scotch metropolis, that it is no wonder they call it the modern Athens: you may be served out at any price. By-the-by, talking of Athens, I never met with a *Greek* in Scotland: that's another good thing. But to return to dancing, the Scotch women

dance with all their souls: such activity! such steps! such good timists! 'Tis admirable indeed! *Entre nous*, I have got a dancing master to give me private lessons, and you may take your oath that I shall be quite the *kick* at the Crown and Anchor. A very peculiar thing here is a practising, and a dancing master's ball; the former in the morning, the latter (of course) at night. There you may see as good dancing, for a mere trifle, as you can upon a London stage. They have what they call a *high dance*, which is inimitable. You see they are fond of high things, high dances, high living, high stories, and (I assure you) high courage.

But what particularly interested me, is the peculiar character of maternity in which the Scotch dames excel so much. You may see aged grandmothers, and elderly mamas, with half a dozen, or a dozen of their children on the floor at once. The look of love, of interest, of anxiety,

of approbation, and even the tremulous wish that they should excel, do honor to the women of the country, and prove how much heart there is even in this little example. You may, (whiles, as the Scotch say) detect a look of intelligence between man and wife, kindling into the kindest expression, nay, a tincture of reflectiveness, as much as to say, "such were we, on these very boards, a few fleeting years back."

Apropos, the women call their husbands "my man," which you southern blades laugh at; but let me tell you, that there is something very fond in the term; very appropriate, very possessive; and I know some husbands amongst us who do not merit it, in any sense of the word. Happy the husband who is a good *mon!* 'Tis a noble title!—From the practising let me direct your attention to the theatre. It is very fair; but not much attended. I expected to find the mob all quietness; but

the gods, as we call them, can kick up a dust even there.

As to the learned professions, why they'll knock you off a gross of Doctors in a morning! I went to see the ceremony, and we had 'em of all nations and colours. They've a *grinding* machine that hits 'em off to perfection! Mercy upon the poor patients! There was such a lot of 'em, that my Irish conductor, cried out "Oh! murder," as he saw them go up for examination. They have very learned lectures, too, upon law, physic, divinity, chemistry, and I don't know what besides. What is most extraordinary is, that there is virtue in the *chair* of a professor, so that he who succeeds to it is sure to be a learned man. This virtue, too, goes by inheritance, like a name or an entailed estate, so that some of them descend regularly from father to son. How clever that must be! By the way, it runs in my head, that there is

something in the old doctorial hat, which they put upon the candidate at graduation, and you'll allow that if they can thus put an old head on young shoulders, it is a wonderful effort of genius.

The Scotch students fag like dray horses, at their studies, but the rest of the piebaled party of Irish West Indians, foreigners, yankees, &c. are the greatest bloods in the town; so that one would think they must have the merit of inspiration, if they out do the others, which, nevertheless, is sometimes the case. My student, however, informs me that fashion goes a great way in medicine; so that it is only necessary to put a good face on the business, in order to succeed. I almost wish that I had been brought up to physic, instead of the counting-house, for I know that I have an accommodating manner, which the M. D.'s consider as the placebo, and which I am told is half the battle.

My landlady is an excellent woman.

She introduced me to a writer who " lives on and off with her" that is to say (for I am sure the term will puzzle you) they inhabit the same floor, which they call a land; and he kindly took me to a half uncle's in the country; one of the best fellows I ever met with. Mr. Muckleweim, the lawyer, promised to shew me his policy and his park; but to my great disappointment, the policy was nothing but a very small plantation, and the park was about two acres of grass-land without a tree in it. Well, but the inside of the honse was well furnished, and he had as good a library and a cellar as any lord. I just looked over the one, and I dipped a little more into the other, by which means I got what they call *fou*.

After supper we had an exquisite thing which they call *plotty*, that is to say, a little plot against the brain, and it succeeded with me perfectly. I was somewhat mortified at one thing. The next morning, I

dressed myself in a complete highland dress, belonging to a young officer, on a visit at Gowanbank; and I expected to have attracted the eye of my landlord's niece, a very pretty girl; but she did nothing but laugh at me, whilst a foreigner present cried, "*Il n'est pas montagnard qui veut*" ——he is not a mountaineer who wishes to be one.

Recovered from my vexation, I was overwhelmed with hospitable attention, and I have set down Gowanbank in my memorandum book, as one of the places to which my memory will pay a tribute of gratitude, whenever I think of it.——But the post hour approaches fast, and I must conclude. Therefore farewell, and believe me still,

Your faithful friend,
PETER PRIG.

No XXVIII.

THE OBSERVER.

He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set them right.

COWPER.

THE OBSERVER.

"WHO is that old Q in the corner?" said Miss Volatile, looking at an elderly gentleman, who sat retired in the midst of a large party in the country. "He has an intelligent countenance, a complaisant air, and an observing eye. But why does he not open his mouth?" "He is not so old in years as you may imagine," replied the master of the house, "but aged enough in experience; that man is an observer of high life; the manners of the world are his pass port into good company; his being of no profession gives him time and leisure to look on, to be a spectator of the drama of life; and he

derives all his amusement from the study of manners, and of the different shades and turn which our passions, our habits, and our dispositions produce in the drawing room, at public places, and all the circles of polite assemblage." "Defend me from such a monster," cried a lady, who was not much younger than the object of her exclamation. "I should have thought," replied the host, "you would have deemed such a character an admirable corrector of any little errors; a useful check upon both sexes, who must be careful, in studying the loves and graces, not to outstrip the limits of prudence, nor to over act an assumed part. A critic cannot be without his applause as well as his censure, and, there is a method of ensuring the former, and of defying the latter. But I must tell you some of his theories.

"He pretends that there is not only language in eyes, in smiles, and in gesture, but that a man's real disposition

may be discovered by his bow, by his knock at a door, or his coming into a room ——— that the pace of a lady's walk is a feature of her mind; that her temper may be discovered by her assent or refusal to dance; by her manner of dancing, by the tone of her voice, and by a thousand other minutiæ, in spite of the disguise of false complexion, false hair, penciled eye-brows and fashionable articles of dress. He can lecture, for an hour, on dimples and curtsies; and can account for all cant words, expletives in conversation, tricks and habits, natural or acquired, borrowed, or the weeds and unplumed shoots of youth, inveterate custom, or uncorrected error. Judge, then, what a field for criticism is open to him from the childish tone of affectation brought over from France; the lip-nibbling of misses, the pouting of voluptuaries, the body fidgetting of conceited impatients, the fan twinkling, the see-sawing of assumed girlishness, the leerings, the lollings, the

languishings, winkings and oglings of our *precieuses*, our *exquisites*, and our *ultras* in fashion.

" In bows, there is respect, servility and slavish self-interest; there is flattery, fawning, and prostration of independence ; there is urbanity, courtesy, kindness, acknowledgment, condescension, ease, and gracefulness ; there is austerity, haughtiness, mere form and ceremony, distance, dislike, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness ; there is the bow *par preference*, *par respect*, *par complaisance*, *par habitude et par force*. Judge then how much may be learned by studying a bow.

" There is the knock at the door, of humility, of anxiety, of doubt, of fear, of pride, of fashion, of idleness, of thoughtlessness, of reluctance, of hope, of expectation, of love, of importance, of rage, of jealousy, of hunger, and of regret.

" He who seeks a favor (from the pauper in misery, up to the man who supplicates

or angles for a pension) knocks with some degree (more or less) of modesty, whether arising from policy, or from shame. The anxious man is irritable in every thing! his pre-occupied mind measures neither his knock, his steps, nor the method of his writing; with him all is confused, hap-hazard. The doubtful man sometimes raps slowly, but always uncertainly; there is never in his knock either the thunder of arrogance and assumed greatness, or of saucy pertness, of usurped imposing airs, or of careless indifference. Fear is tremulous and hasty; pride is the expression of the hero of his own fable, the divinity of his own worship, the Jupiter Intonans of self-consequence.

" Fashion adopts some conceited knock; idleness betrays itself by its lazy knock; thoughtlessness has rapidity, without either arrangement or conceit; reluctance has the languid sound of the spouse returning to a scolding wife, or the master forced to go to

an uncomfortable home; hope and expectation are nearly allied, both are brisk and cheerful; the lover's is a peal of thunder; importance is a studied piece of business; anger and jealousy are battering rams at a gate; hunger is alternately sneaking and servile, precipitate and keen; regret dies on the knocker, and announces a visit *par force*, a wish not to be admitted where he knocks.

"In a similar manner, there is genuine and assumed modesty in entering a room, real and counterfeit grace and greatness in the same act, — there is caution, indecision, trick, habit, and stage effect.

"The lady's walk denotes her temper,— easy, graceful, proud, dignified, aukward, confused, foreign, unnatural and borrowed. Timidity may be seen in a step, and so may a variety of other passions.

"The voluptuary may be discovered in the dance, and the partner elect may be judged of, by her manner of assenting, as to a more

important and permanent partnership. There is benevolence, modesty, affection, friendship, repulsiveness, pride, and magic in the touch of a female hand:—she may invite the grasp of confidence, or claim protection, or inspire love, by the giving of the hand. There is something more fascinating and more important in this action than the vulgar world is aware of; for "palm to palm is holy pilgrim's kiss."

"In voice there are a thousand arts and a thousand fascinations, a magic not easily resisted, and a power over the heart and mind not easily avoided or guarded against.

"Finally, it is these trifles which make up a huge volume of information for the near and judicious observer. They are the more conclusive, because they are but little attended to and less understood——because people, in general, are off their guard in these respects; or when artificial and cautious, are very apt to be betrayed by faithful nature, since he who tries to deceive

others, most ordinarily deceives himself: the silent spectator will thus learn the game of others, because neither his passions nor his interests are actively engaged; and he who has time, talent and inclination for such a task, will have a great knowledge of mankind, imperceptibly collected, and which will yet serve him in a variety of very important occurrences of life, giving him no common share of ascendency over his fellow men."

Here ceased our worthy host, and the subject of his remarks shortly after arose, and thanking him not less for his agreeable discussion, than for his hospitable entertainment, took his leave, and thereby afforded the company an opportunity of making whatever other observations they pleased upon their friend,

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XXIX.

THE PRISONER.

——————Spirits are finely touch'd,
But for fine issues.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

——————————here I clip,
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambition's strength, I did
Contend against thy valour.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE PRISONER.

The duty of forgiveness has ever appeared to me not only to be imperative, but to carry with it an elevating magnanimity—mingled with the most soothing sensation. In pardoning an injury, the heart dilates, and our poor mansion of clay seems to be illuminated by the rays of immortality. We feel proud without intemperance—humble without debasement; we seem to borrow from the intended injury, and whilst we discharge a sacred duty imposed upon us by the Most High, we are paid an hundred fold by feeling that all within us is

peace, harmony, gentleness and love. To love the man who has injured us, is still a degree of elevation beyond generous forgiveness; 'tis a higher step towards the regions of celestial refulgence; a brighter jewel in the diadem of perfection to which we ought to aspire.

Whilst musing on these truths, and turning over the rare instances of this kind which we meet with in our voyage through life, the following story recurred to my memory just as it was related to me by a relation, who was at the time a midshipman in the British Navy. It may lose a little by my narration; as it is impossible for me to give to it its genuine cast, told as it was with all the blunt yet noble feeling of one who is a Briton and a seaman to the heart's core; and whose changeful countenance by turns assumed the features of the lion and the lamb; whose affections were all flying outwards as his feelings came more and more into play—as the

revived interest of tender reminiscence re-kindled in his honest breast: I must content myself therefore by simply relating the story, leaving my reader and his sensibility to himself; and if I fail in execution, yet I am convinced of one truth, namely, that it is a duty of the most gratifying nature where we can do it, to hold out examples of what is great and good, to serve as copies for our fellow men.

"It was a few minutes past meridian" (said my young relation) when the French Captain came on board. The sun shone uncommonly bright and seemed to add a lustre to our victory. The vessel which he commanded had suffered severely in the action; and the deck was covered with the dead, the dying, and the wounded. We carried her by boarding, previous to which we suffered a good deal, by having a great part of our rigging shot away, and many of our people picked off by the riflemen,

in the tops of the enemy's ship. Both crews did their duty.

"The features of the French Captain's countenance bore the impression of manly fortitude, not unused to dangers and disappointments, but unsullied by fear of any kind, and above every species of dishonour. There was a nobility even in his submission to the fortune of war, which seemed to say like Francis the First of France, "*Nous avons tout perdu, hormis l'honneur.*" His stature was above the middle size; his complexion dark and weatherbeaten; but there was comeliness in the character of his features, and he had a fine Roman nose, and dark eye, which, however, was sunk more from various climates and hardships, than from age, and its fire somewhat subdued by disappointed hopes.

"Our Captain met him with kindness and urbanity; he returned it by a smile, which vainly tried to triumph over defeat, and to rise superior to misfortune.

"When called upon to deliver his sword, he drew it slowly from the scabbard, and glancing a look of regret and disappointment upon its blade, as much as to say, "Alas! thou hast failed me in the hour of trial," he broke it across his knee, and threw it into the sea; and, whilst a tear of indignation stood in his eye, he exclaimed, "put me in irons, if you please; refuse me my parole, keep me in prison, unexchanged until the war, or my life conclude; but my honour and my sword go together, and I cannot surrender them to any man."

"Our Captain stepped back a moment, in silent amazement and admiration; then springing forward with both hands extended, to meet and grasp his, in friendly union, he assured him, that had he gone through the ceremony of giving up his sword, it should have been instantly returned to him, and that so far from bearing enmity to him, for what he had done, he valued and respected him the more for it. "Be assured, my brother,"

said he, " that a British seaman knows how to respect courage in a foe, as well as in a friend."

" The eyes of the whole crew were on him, and there was not a sailor in the ship, whose heart did not lean towards him. So is valour the same, in whatever climate, or whatever soil, it may exist. The Oak is still the Oak, whether it grow on the mountain, or in the plain, whether it flourish in all its beauty, in a friendly climate, or perish blasted with its hopes and pride, in the barren desert, or on the flinty rock. I need not say that the Captain was treated with friendship. Friendship!!! (here my young friend swore a round oath) Friendship is nothing; he was treated more like a brother, for the kindness which he received from all was enhanced by high consideration.

" Our Captain lost no time in applying for his exchange; and as we were now off the coast of France, we determined on landing

him and all his property, at every risk, on a remote spot. His gentlemanlike deportment had gained particularly the young hearts of us midshipmen, whom he noticed greatly; calling the cock-pit the nursery of heroes, and testifying his esteem for us on every occasion. We therefore begged permission to man the boat, and pull him ashore ourselves, which we accordingly did.

"It would be impossible to paint his parting with us. In vain did he offer his ring, his gold snuff-box, his purse, and many other little valuables, in token of gratitude to our officers and crew. He was told that to receive them would be *not* to respect property, as well as person. Arrived on the beach, his strength of mind failed him, or rather his feelings prevailed over a warrior's pride. Bursting into a flood of tears, he exclaimed, "Can these be foes? No, all brave men are friends and brothers! And shall I never behold ye again? Shall I not have the happiness when peace returns,

of presenting you to my family, of planting you in the hearts and bosoms of all those who are dear to me, of pourtraying in true colours the British character, to my admiring neighbours, and of shewing the brave defenders of the British Isles in a proper point of view? If ever victory should put a Briton in my power, how kindly, how fondly will I treat him!"

"His tongue faltered. The light was decreasing. He embraced us all. We then motioned him three cheers in silence with our hats. We looked our last in mute regard, and pulled off precipitately from the shore; not a word escaped us. We saw him pass his hand across his eyes, when our boat was lessening on his view. We now stopped the motion of the boat, remained for a few seconds with our oars up, then gave him the last wave of our hats, and joined our ship; every bosom feeling a divided sentiment of satisfaction and regret, —satisfaction that a brave man should be set

free, regret that brave and feeling hearts should ever be separated." Such was my young relation's story, and at the moment that he told it to me, I felt as if I had rather be the Captain of a Man of War, than

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

No. XXX.

'TIS BUTS.

Admit whatever trifles come,
Units compose the largest sum.

EARL NUGENT

'TIS BUTS.

Mrs. Masterly is the most managing woman in the world. With a small income she could contrive to live with much appearance of elegance; but she has a partner who counteracts every operation of finance, and of domestic economy, and yet he is not an expensive man. He has, to please her, taken his name out of the clubs to which he belonged, reduced his establishment, churned his own butter, and contracted his curricle and pair, with an out-rider, into a Tilbury, with a solitary nag, and a groom-boy, perched by his side; and yet he can-

not make his income do. He is always, at the new year, on the wrong side of his banker's books, and above all, always out of his wife's books, on account of his want of order.

In grand matters Mr. Masterly, (who by the bye never was master of his house, his wife being not only a *Maitresse Femme*, but a *Maitre Femme*) always obeyed orders, and made such retrenchments as were found necessary. The annual visit to Bath was found too expensive, and it was accordingly given up. He was fond of sea air and sea prospects, which his good lady thought all very well, because they cost nothing; but then sea quarters and sea company were very expensive, and she, in consequence, prevailed upon him to turn a penny, by his house at Southampton, and to take a small cottage, there to live in seclusion, for eight months in the year.

On this occasion Mr. Masterly's taste led him to the banks of the Thames, or to some picturesque situation within ten miles

of London; but Mrs. Masterly well knew that the banks of old Father Thames are bordered with gold, and that a villa within a ride or drive of London, subjects the possessors to the advantage of keeping an unlicenced public house, without deriving any profit from their pantry or cellar, and whose sign might well be the fool's cap, or the good woman without a head. She had cunning enough to pitch upon a situation, about twenty miles from town, and without having a stage pass within five miles of it, in an inland situation, and with bad roads of approach.

All this Mr. Masterly tamely submitted to, and thought himself quite secure from reproach, whilst his wife was delighted at the idea of her spouse's having no possible way of spending his money; no ice-shops, no coffee-houses, no buying things which he did not want, no round games in private parties, silver quinze, or guinea commerce; no bets to make, nor poor relations to treat,

no tickets to take for benefits, nor tickets to dispose of to "friend, remembering not," no watering places, raffles, or lotteries, no Robins's auction-room to lounge in and while his paper out of his pocket-book, nor, in fine, any of the thousand and one outlets of the pockets, which London, and London adjourned to the watering places, produce.

Although Mr. Masterly was obedient to the standing orders at head-quarters (we hope no offence to married men) yet he never could resist these appeals to the purse so artfully managed by the London tradesman, and the needy ways and means fashionables, by which so many are enabled to draw secret resources, and to carry on the winter campaign; still, in spite of all the retirement of Lone Cottage, the infatuated husband had a spring in reserve, which imperceptibly diminished his store. This was what his enraged consort called "'Tis buts."

These, she alledged, were enough to ruin

a nabob, to shake the credit of a mercantile house, nay to undermine the Bank of England, and were the more dangerous, as they were perpetually occurring, and of no apparent consequence. "If you do not relinquish your ''tis buts,'" said she one day, in a rage to her husband, "I will sue for a separate maintenance."

But it is high time for the reader to learn the nature of these "'tis buts," since most pockets feel their baneful influence. Not that we completely join with the rigid economy of the lady, who would even cut them off from the poor; but we allow that there is a good deal of danger in them, when carried to the extent to which some people push them, and which makes them always on the wrong side of their cash account.

"Let us go to this strolling company's play," for instance, Mr. Masterly would say; "we shall laugh immoderately at the tragedy; they will execute Romeo and Ju-

liet in fine style, and ' 'tis but' three shillings a piece for ourselves, and the two children, which we shall help the poor devils of performers with." "Aye," replied madame, " ' 'tis but' three shillings per ticket; but then little John will cry if he does not go; there will be gloves to buy for the girls; the horses and servants to feed at an inn; the Barn Roscius will come to the cottage with tickets for his benefit, and will bring a play bill, printed on white satin, and you won't take change out of your pound note; and then follow the benefits of ma'am Thalia his wife, and master Apollo his eldest son, and of miss Rosalind his daughter, and young master Narcissus his t'other son; and, finally, this ' 'tis but' twelve shillings will end in nearly as many pounds."—But the children cried—Papa said, " ''tis but' once;"—and the reckoning of Mrs. Masterly was not so much overrated as might be supposed.

Then a young farmer used to call upon

Mr. Masterly, and brought him occasionally a hare or a brace of birds. Mr. Masterly had promised to have no dinner parties, nor to give expensive wines; however he made the matter palatable to Mrs. Masterly, by " ''tis but,' now and then, that young Woodly comes over; and he never comes empty handed; I shall keep him all night; ''tis but' a paltry dinner, and a bottle extraordinary." Yet young Woodly drank his pint of Madeira at dinner, and his bottle of port afterwards; and then Mr. Masterly's heart warmed, and it was " ''tis but' a solitary bottle of claret, we'll have it up." Before they parted, the farmer was invited to come again, and again he drank his pint of Madeira, bottle of port and " 'tis but" of claret; played at shilling whist, won a pound, and stopped supper, and another merry meeting was agreed upon: so that Mrs. Masterly calculated the expense of the brace of birds at ten pounds.

A masonic dinner was given, ten miles off, and Mr. Masterly being one of the craft, he told his rib "''tis but' a five shilling dinner, and it does good: I will drive myself there, take a bed at the inn, and walk home before breakfast." Mrs. Masterly shook her head; but he had been uncommonly kind and attentive the day before, so that he got leave to go. He was rather late for dinner, and in driving furiously he broke down in his tilbury:—— first item, the coach-maker's bill: he ordered his man to get his dinner at the inn, and to ride the horse gently home in the evening. A little too much punch, and a dark night, puzzled Joseph, who lost his way, threw the horse down, and broke both his knees: second item, for goose grease and gunpowder, to no purpose.

The dinner was delightful, but a great deal of wine was drank, which run the bill to a pound instead of five shillings. Not

to mention a subscription set on foot for a distressed brother; and Mr. Masterly being brotherly in every thing, was in such haste to put in his mite, that in his zeal, he thrust in a five pound note instead of a one, into the plate; third item, five pounds. It was now agreed that the brethren should sup together: fourth item, supper bill, and a brother to pay for, who ran short of cash. Lastly, brother Masterly was elected an office bearer, which cost him a little annuity; and the broken kneed horse was sold at a loss of thirty pounds! this was a "'tis but" with a witness!

I shall conclude with the smallest of Mr. Masterly's " 'tis buts," and leave the inference to be drawn by the sapient reader. In the holidays, his son wished to see a pantomime, and Mrs. Masterly suggested that he might go with Joseph into the gallery: papa's pride would not allow this, so they agreed on going half price to the play.

Mr. Masterly and his son set out on foot; but rain coming on, they were forced to take a coach; which was the first unforeseen expense. They arrived too soon, and the weather was so cold, and the child so impatient, that papa paid full price for their entry. Just after the play, Mr. Masterly and his son took a turn in the lobby, where the former unfortunately met with a female, who claimed acquaintance with him, and threatened to follow him home, if he did not give her money; a one pound note was paid to avoid this exposure, and a sovereign given to the boy not to mention the coach, the full price, or the lady, (whom he declared he did not know,) nor any other part of the evening's misadventures. In quitting the house, he had his pocket picked of a gold watch; and on giving his only remaining half-crown to Jarvy, it proved to be a counterfeit. This brought on a discussion betwixt the parties, in which

Jarvy called Mr. Masterly, a rum customer, and no gemman. Mr. Masterly struck the fellow; and the law expenses were not yet settled, when he communicated his grievances to

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

Nº XXXI.

THE FOY.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither
Tho' whiles *ye moistify your leather*
'Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather
Yan tine your dam ;
Freedom and whiskey gang thegither!
Tak' aff your dram!

BURNS.

THE FOY.

THERE is a gentle pleasure in reflection, which sinks deeper into the heart than the greatest blaze of present pomp and enjoyment, which always dazzles more than it delights. The present may deceive us; the past cannot: like tried and experienced friendship, the past has no uncertainty in it. Its impression, therefore, has no dubiousness. Moreover as it is the lot of man to mingle regrets with his fondest affections, and his keenest bliss, so the gentle glow of regret for the days o' lang syne, are to the heart, what the declining rays of the setting

sun, or the fainter and gentler moon-beam, modestly succeeding the orb of day, are to landscape: A species of quietude, a soberness of tint, embellish the scene, until the mind is wrapt in soothing melancholy; and in that warmth of remembrance, which a soul of sensibility would not barter for the gaudiest trappings of worldly triumph, or the most splendid riot of a luxurious banquet.

Thus is it with the reminiscences which the festive scene called a Foy, ever brings to my mind; when sitting alone, with my glass before me, I yield to the waking dream of life, and look back to dear scenes, and dearer friends of my bosom, who have passed away, borne on the stream of time, and have faded from life's picture, alas! to return no more.

At a very early period of life, I parted with a college companion, who at the instant I am penning these lines, stands present, in every feature before me; and brings

a tremulous tear into my eye, which I neither could, nor would chase away from it. I see him, at this moment, in the strength of youth, in the beauty of manliness, in the verdure of years; tall, robust, strong-minded, yet that masculine intellect so blended with the milk of human kindness, that the softest of the softer sex was not gentler, milder, nor tenderer than he. Peace to thy manes, thou comrade of my youth! thou hast fallen in thy country's cause, like the young oak in the forest; but thou wilt never cease to be firmly rooted in my heart's core!—— The reader will pardon this digression.

This valued friend had completed his academic studies, and, with an adorned mind, and a courageous heart, was about to follow the banners of his native country, in quest of laurels. He resolved, therefore, to give his *Foy*, to his chosen college friends, with whom he had been the most intimate, and who loved him as a brother; nor was the honest *Dominie*, who had directed his

intellectual exercises, and cultivated morality in his mind, excepted from the treat. It was a delightful scene, a truly festive night, where all was heart; not a word exhaled the lip, which breathed not kindness; not a hand met the hand of fellow man but was rivetted in the clasp of honest attachment.

I shall pass, however, from all that may appear selfish (though in such a scene, self and social are the same); and instead of describing the magic operations of our bowl, or mingling the regretful tear in the goblet foaming with friendship; I shall describe the Foy of the Caledonian as it is unknown to their southern brethren.

When a chum is about to quit college, or when a relative, or friend, or neighbour, is on the eve of leaving home, it is an old Scottish custom for him to give his farewell treat. This is no banquet of pride, no false display of plate, mirror and porcelaine, no intriguing dinner to purchase a vote, or to worm

out an opinion—no Greeking entertainment, at which the heart presides not, and for which the guests may sooner or later pay dear; here, on the contrary, all is warmth and sincerity. The head may ache from the juice of the grape, or from the honest "barley bree;" the heart may sorrow for the loss of a dear friend; but "like affection's dream;* it leaves no sting behind.* It is one of the occasions in life where the affections are feasted, and where the votive glass is but a dumb orison poured for the welfare and there turn of him whom we love, whilst he pledges us in generous, unqualified, undisguised reciprocity of sentiment; and if the tongue be a stranger to eloquence, if bred for the camp, the hardy warrior may say, "rude am I in speech," yet the eye glistening with expression, the cheek crimsoning with tenderness and truth, are nature's interpreters, and render it superfluous, nay impossible, "*da raggionar d'amori.*"

The very name *Foy* given to such a feast, bespeaks its integrity, and discovers its value. It is "*sa foy*," his faith, which the departed friend plights to the companions of his youth: 'tis a faith, not speculative or sceptical; not wavering or biassed by interest; not feigned or saleable; but true, firm and unshaken; honest and immutable; it is one on which you may risk your life, or pledge your honor,—— the donor of the *Foy* will defend both at the hazard of his heart's blood. Thus it was with my friend. Thus it was with the whole festive circle of which he was the light, in which he shone, and which he warmed with the rays of his generous and hospitable benevolence. And it is but justice to Scotland to say of her with the immortal Burns

"An if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert."

On such an occasion, the founder of the feast plights you his faith that you shall not be forgotten; that in distance he will ever keep in view his country and his friends: he solemnly promises with the heart, not with the lips, that no changes or chances, no time or absence, no increase of years or variety of circumstances, shall alter his views so as to exclude from his bosom, his home and comrades, or break the fine thread of duty, patriotism, and fraternity, which binds him to his native shore.

Let any man after this say, that there is not a solemnity in such a meeting. No one can make such an assertion without violating truth and insulting humanity. The Foy is hallowed by friendship, and dignified by antiquity. It is dear to the Scotchman, not only from the nature of its sacred obligation, but from its correspondence with the Scottish heart, from its affinity to his feelings, from its fitness to his

honest nature. I may be thought partial, in drawing this picture so strongly; but I should be base if I drew it otherwise——— if I slurred over the strong resemblance, disfigured one feature of the Scotchman's heart, or misrepresented one iota of his habits.

The Foy, therefore, is not merely an adieu-dinner as in other countries, but it is a treat given for the express purpose of pledging regard and good wishes; a meeting instituted for the contracting of a mutual, voluntary engagement, amongst friends and countrymen, in addition to all former ones interwoven in our nature, and registered in the tablets of our memory. In life it binds us mutually to each other; in death it makes us still live in the bosom of friendship, and survives the shock of mortality.

The faith of a Scotchman to his friends and country, is a main object in his life, a distinctive mark of true birth and unsullied nature. It commences at as early a period

as that of quitting home after his academical studies, and on his entry into profesisonal or other life; and it only closes with his being borne, amidst sorrowing companions, to his last home and narrow lodging, to his turf pillow, and final scene of life.

Happy those friends who have been united in youth, who have stedfastly adhered together through the warfare of life, and who have had the soft hand of affection to smooth their pillow of death,—who have shared together the smiles of fortune and the endearments of love, and have assisted each other in partaking of those burthens which life's toil, and the chequered lot of man impose, more or less, upon us all. Such men can look back with tender emotion and grateful feeling to the past, and with cheerful humility and smiling hope to the future. Memory gilds the past scene; confidence in the supreme Being throws glowing colours on their perspective; the surviving playmates of their in-

fancy will be the approving companions of their increasing years, whilst uprightness, truth and honor, will make them respected in old age, as the constant heliotrope worships the sun in its decline with the same zeal at its rising.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

N° XXXII.

DINNERS.

Is this a banquet? this a genial room?
Sure 'tis a sacrifice! a hecatomb!

POPE

DINNERS.

THERE are in high life, as many motives for giving dinners, as there are dishes at table, even if we include three plentiful courses, and a desert at the greatest *gourmand's* in the world. These motives vary with the places where the repasts are given.

But ere I detail the variety of them, I must premise that there is a large difference betwixt the *gourmand* and the *bon vivant;* the former is the man of appetite, the latter is more the man of taste; the one looks to the matter to be consumed, to the variety of dishes, sauces, and stimuli to tickle sated

appetite; the other considers dinner, variety and superior quality of wine, table jocularity, and above all, long duration and consumption of time. For this reason a certain illustrious peer, not very long ago departed, used to say, that a good dinner could not last too long, nor a bad one be finished too soon. I cannot say that I agree with this maxim; but, *n'importe*, I shall now pass to the motives for dinner giving, and the pleasurable or dull effects which they produce.

Cabinet dinners are given from political motives; as are also those of princes and potentates (I include not their orgies, or private parties, or the banquets of royal voluptuaries). To meet with every thing rare, expensive, and splendid at boards like these, is a mere matter of course; diplomatic plate, and secret service presents, lend a dazzling lustre to all around; the pleasures of the epicure are very secondary considerations here. Interest is the motive, the carrying

of some measure, or the cajoling of some man, is the main object; and it were as idle to look for friendship, hilarity, wit, or conviviality, hospitable welcome and unrestrained ease here, as it would be to expect a growth of pine apples twenty fathom below water mark.

The stiff, set dinner, preluded by numerous encyclical invitations and enormous long 'notices comes next in rotation. This is generally given by the monstrous great man of quality, or the monstrous rich man, who apes him. Here the motive is either pride, imitation, or fashion, the wish to be talked of for a man-cook, or a fine service of plate, for a fine house, nay even sometimes for an extravagant mistress. Here you may expect to meet sycophants and needy men of talent; stupid nobility, oppressed *protegées*, and looked-down upon poor relations, voters from the country, and rich tenants, honored by the host's condescension, and sometimes by his draft for

a few thousands. You will be in company with ambitious impertinence, titled garrulity, folly, flattery, and nominal patronage; but you will always feel a great degree of restraint, and find time go on in too slow and stately a march.

The gambler's dinner comes next. Here all is allegorical. The many dishes pourtray the various victims designed to be served up. The pigeon to be plucked, the game to be brought down, the venison to be hunted, these are all the types of so many subjects for picking and plundering; and for being hunted by dun and creditor for this one day's amusement. The black game is the Landlord and Co.; the flat fish, the dupe; the desert, a moral which warns the weak guest of what he must get for his visit. Here the object is too clear to need explanation. A guest may expect to meet at such a board with a practised singer, a hacknied jester, and what is called by fools and greenhorns, a pleasant set of fellows,

who will never long remain the parties' friends, unless it be by sharing their estates, and turning them out of old family mansions, thinning their woods, and melting their moveables of every kind.

At great public dinners a man may expect to pay twice as much as the feast is worth. He may hope to perceive, from a distance, a prince or a nobleman in the chair; he may have the felicity of being drank to by a minister, or a member of parliament, and he will have to listen to many very indifferent speeches, made at the end of appropriate toasts. A band of music may be placed so near him as to deafen him for a time, or may at more convenient distance breathe hacknied popular airs about as novel and valuable as purchased patriots. He will hear public singers for a couple of guineas, whom he has listened to, more at his ease, for a crown; and, if he get a warm plate, a change of glasses, food not quite cold, and wine not half so good as

what he has at home, he may consider that he comes off well. Such is the pleasure of these repasts. The motive is either ostentation on some public occasion, a birth-day of a stranger, or a victory which gets us further into debt; a public charity, where private contribution would be more modest and more virtuous, or the election of a man determined on selling his constituents, or of a mere man of straw, whose weight in the political scale is as light as that material itself, which is generally assigned as the food for asses, or for black cattle.

Family dinners are as uninteresting to a stranger admitted by courtesy, as the conversation connected with them, is unamusing and foreign to his mind. They also are often given for mere form sake, sometimes from mere habit, and occasionally on the speculation of a daughter fit to marry, or an uncle about to die.

Of the miser's feast, or of the old maid's or bachelor's frugal let-off, in order to

throw a minnow to catch a salmon, or a gudgeon, and thus angle for future entertainments by this glimmering of return, it may be said that the petty motive cramps every feeling, whilst the guest must be aware that the broaching of an additional bottle of wine, or the fracture of a china plate will overturn all the feigned good humour of the host, and throw a gloom over the whole party.

The loss of time at all these tables is self-evident. It may, moreover, be accompanied by loss of money, loss of principle, or loss of health.

But of all the monotonous dinners in the world, that of the mere city epicure, whose stomach is so capacious that it encroaches on the limits of the brain, and compresses the heart in its passage, is the most stupid and uninteresting. Such characters, who live to eat, instead of eating to live, add to a natural stupidity and rapacity of appetite. The boast of giving a glutton's feast, and

the assumption of table talent displayed in gross and palpable indelicacy, in the brazen uttering of counterfeit jokes, and of second hand witticisms, and lastly, and most disgusting of all, in the true and false mingled account of the excellencies of their table, and the rare qualities of their wines.

" This Madeira was imported by myself; it has been twice sent out to the West Indies," said Sir Giles Guttle to a party on one of these dinner-eating occasions, at his villa at Richmond, where a set of epicures met merely to devour dainties and quaff the most expensive wines. " This soup was made by Prince Murat's cook; I hired him on purpose in addition to my own, a Parisian, bred under the famous Mohault; mark ye the excellence of the truffles stewed in Champagne of my own importing. Taste the Lafitte; it has never been in a dealer's hands, and the Tokay bought at the Queensberry sale. My Sillery came from the marquis himself. My hock

stands me in a mint of money; 'tis a hundred years old. Help the Marquis of Headstrong to an ortolan, and the learned judge to another plate of turtle. That is a new sauce invented by myself; and the venison is a gift of the noble duke. These red legged partridges came from France. The liqueur is direct from Martinique; the—— Morey Hermitage, John, (speaking to his butler) out of bin number seven; and ice some more of the Alderman's favorite wine. These pines are of my own rearing. The Burgundy was smuggled by a particular friend on purpose for me. Let us drink our noble selves; money at one per cent.; and a thirty thousand every year in the lottery."

Such was the very edifying conversation at a seven hour dinner, beginning at seven P. M. and ending in intoxication and sleep at four A. M. The merit of the party consisted in the strength of their stomachs. The motive for giving the feed (the only name

which it merits),was to keep together a set of gourmands, who met thus weekly.

I am acquainted with a German nobleman who is the greatest eater in Europe; who is himself a professed cook, and has invented three sauces and a patent frying pan; who travels with four "officers of the mouth" of different nations, and always carries *l'Almanac des Gourmands* in his pocket in lieu of a prayer-book. I was invited by Sir Giles that I might introduce the stranger to him; and if none of the party go off, from indigestion, within the month, the Baron Von Grossengutupuddenbuttle is to receive a round of dinners from the worthies who composed the party in question; but among them he most assuredly will not again meet

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N° XXXIII.

THE DRAJE.

There bore him barefac'd on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave,
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

PERCY.

THE DRAJE, OR TRAJET.

In no country of the habitable globe do relations and friends more strictly adhere to punctilious decorum, and ancient rites and ceremonies than in Scotland: every marked event in life is noticed by them; and they kindly attend upon the members of their family, giving support, and identifying themselves with the name of their house, or the not less sacred name of friendship, on all occasions where respect and adherence can render service, or mark attachment.

At the close of the eventful drama of life,

this reverential attention is paid by the Scotch in the most impressive manner. The remotest relations hold it a bounden duty to attend the remains of the deceased, and not only to attend, but to contemplate him, to look their last on the departed, to pay the generous tribute of a tear, or of a sigh, where further service and respect must cease; and where worldly interest has no promise to claim, no view to realize. They are therefore present even at what they call " the chesting" (the nailing down of the coffin;) and whoever knows the Scottish character, or whoever has been present at this ceremony, will allow that there reigns, on the occasion, a sober, sedate, deportment, a grave and dignified bearing, a submissive and respectful conduct, truly befitting the awful occasion.

Whatever be the rank of the deceased, whatever the situation in life of the assembled friends and kinsmen, the same adherence to propriety presides at the sad scene. Relatives mildly and tranquilly greet each

other; the flush of youth mellows into the ripeness of reflection; the furrowed cheek of age wears the pale livery of woe. Often do the bye-standers shake their heads, or bend the neck in token of heartfelt remembrance, in the expression of their conviction of the uncertainty of human existence, and in resignation to the will of the Most High. Not unfrequently are the merits of the deceased made the lugubrious theme of short but serious converse; or some brief sentence of bitter regret, or of warmest eulogy, does honor to his memory.

The coffin is closed: the earthly picture is blotted out for ever; but the impression sinks deep in the beholder's heart. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again," is generally (in terms more or less eloquent, briefer or more detailed) uttered and re-echoed by the mournful train. The body moves slowly forward; it is followed with more than ordinary decent pomp; and if in Scot-

land according to the rites of the Presbyterian Church, all orison ceases with the departure of the corpse from the house of the deceased: if there are now no longer any "pious orgies, pious prayers," there are not wanting "decent sorrow, decent tears." The body is lain in its lonely bed; and every one salutes its lowering, bare-headed, and with no common degree of reverence. Friends then look on friends; relatives incline to relatives; and most generally, separate in the profoundest silence.

We do not mean to deny that there is something majestically commanding to the feelings in the pealing anthem, in the swelling organ, in the chaunted requiems, and eloquent service of other religions—the burning taper, and the badge of our redemption carried before the dead. "We war not on men's creeds:" it is not here our province to discuss them; all we mean to show is, the dutiful observation of re-

spect exhibited by the Scotch on this, as well as in every other serious circumstance of life. They are naturally grave, and hence arises much of their worth—hence springs much of their talent and success in life.

We now come to the ceremony of drinking the *draje*, or rather of the votive cup-offering which is poured over the departed. In polished circles, this antiquated ceremony is reduced to refreshment, consisting of wine and cake given to the funeral party, and it is incorrect not to touch the brim of the cup on such occasion. In remoter times, and even now in situations remote from the capital, the regular custom of drinking the Trajet is observed ; nor is there any bull in it—no drinking health to the deceased, but an orison, merely mental, or conveyed in words, lowly uttered, is poured over this last cup ; for the deceased is still in the room, still do his mortal remains

hallow the hospitable hall of his progenitors. " To his memory," is often sobbed, or sighed out, or perhaps some sturdy clan's-man takes off the cup in expressive silence, with burning eye, bent brow and quivering lip, warring strongly with half subdued and half yielding nature. Such a man may tremble in such a scene ; but try him in the field, with all his doughty tenderness in his rugged breast, and see if he make not his enemy shake in return.

The clay-cold worldling, refining nature's best feelings and dearest ties away, until they come to a polished shining nothing, may scoff at these highland ceremonies, may number them with the lumber of feodalty, and confound them with the barbarous customs of unenlightened times ; but we confess that wherever we see strong feeling, and that feeling connected with humanity, we hail its unextinguished flame, and if we dispense with the calling it into

public action, we glory in even its latent existence, which warms so many rude minds into heroic ardour, bold patriotism, generous benevolence, and unshaken friendship.

In the lower classes of Scotland, and still more in Ireland, these funeral rites are religiously observed. To these are added the howl, or death-wail, the spontaneous vocal dirge, the untutored panegyric of the dead, the watching the corpse, the lighting of tapers, the funeral festival,—and not unfrequently the funeral orgies, and intoxication with serious and calamitous consequences; but who would consider this as a part of the ceremony, or in fine as any thing connected with it? Misfortunes and errors, feuds and family broils, may grow out of even the best institutions; but they certainly bear no affinity to this gloomy ceremony, instituted for the purpose of honouring departed worth, commemorating past va-

lour, and building a monument of living praise on the remains of what was held dear in life, by the assisting circle.

In addition to these Gaelic and Hibernian ceremonies, the Highlander displays on this awful occasion, the banners of his clan adorned with black; the piper proudly paces with his black ensign pouring the sad lament, pistols are fired over the clansman's grave; and in general the Trajet is drunk on this final occasion.

Having now given a faithful account of this national ceremony, I leave its effect to the reader's own feeling, observing only, that this custom, though modified in higher life, and considered as nearly obsolete in Englified Scotland, is still in full force amongst the more northern Scots, whose manners and whose minds bear the impression of primitive times. For my own part I confess, that my interest and affection are strongly entangled in these venerable

rites, and I hail the principles of them with every fibre of my heart. Love and adherence to the living, sorrow and veneration for the dead, are not light or trivial subjects, and shall never be treated as such by

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N° XXXIV.

THE BLUES

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuscripts, and Attic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps and arms,
Of Caledonian shields and charms:
Whether the Druid slipped or broke
The misleto upon the oak?
If Hector's spear was made of ash,
Or Agamemnon wore a sash!
If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue?

CAWTHORN.

THE BLUES.

Blue is a colour which has ever been a favorite in England, whether of the dark and royal, or of the sky blue and republican hue. It enters into religion, politics, war, wit, ornament, and fashion. We hear of blue Presbyterian, and of true blue political principles, of true blue liberty boys, of the blue party, of the Oxford blues,—a most gallant regiment, of the garter blue, whose origin springs from another kind of gallantry of the royal party blue, of the ex-ministers looking blue, of the blue ribband, of both hues—St. George and St. Patrick;

and finally of the blue stocking party, or wits and *savans* of whom we propose to speak.

With respect to blue stockings, there are two opinions as to the shade; but the dark blues have it, since the primitive idea was, that wit and wisdom disdained dress, and that in the circles of the *cognoscenti*, or blues,—*Vous pouvez venir même dans des bas blues;* the dark blue stocking of the peasant, being the most undress slovenly thing which could be thought of. The blue principle of these circles, therefore, is neither religious nor political; but applies to their contempt of the vanity of dress, supposing that they "have that within which surpasseth show."

It was my lot a few nights ago to assist at an assembly of this kind; where, however, that great contempt for dress, which assumes the garb of wisdom disdaining external and extrinsic ornaments, gave way to affectation of a deeper dye. In point of colours, blue

coats and black coats made up the circle; but, the shades of conceit were far more varied than these; and if the body was clad in simplicity, or even in neglect, the language, the manners, the ideas and modes of deportment, were dressed up with all the study and pretension imaginable.

Some affected the classical, others the senatorial style. Some dealt in such metaphorical, such fanciful and florid diction, that it was not easy to follow them through the mazes of inflation and pedantry which characterized the *conversazioni*. Here was a masculine woman of quality sitting cross-legged and reading a new publication through her glass; there a parliamentary coxcomb delivering his Delphian sentences like an oracle, to his circle of admirers. Here a quality traveller in an effeminate voice sporting his opinion on an entaglio; and there an affected sloven of a *Savant* exhibiting a Roman lamp, and poring over some coins consumed with verdigrease.

Lady Latitude was now announced, returning from canvassing for a parliamentary friend; and an humble *protegée* was in attendance, in order to read his new play; whilst an improvisatore occupied his share of attention, and was the favorite of the followers of *vertù*. Lord Exotic next took the lead, and, in a very wordy discourse, did us the favour to demonstrate to us that we were even at the present day the "Penitus toto divisas orbe Britannas;" that our soil, climate, taste and productions were most infelicitous; and that no man of superior refinement and polish, could vegetate in such a sterile land. Throughout the volume of his verbose *galimatias*, he took frequent occasions to speak of himself, and concluded by announcing his intended return to Florence. "*Bon voyage*," said I to myself: "the country can spare you."

On examining the lady who presided over this blue circle, I discovered that an ample fortune drew her satellites about her;

and that the ambition of being considered as an *esprit fort*, induced her to hold these meetings. Seated in *cathedra*, she received the homage of indigent authors; whilst the lovers of *vertù* and eccentricity came there for a name.

Lemonade, cold water and sugar, raspberry vinegar, and other *cool* and sapient refreshments, with wafers, &c. formed the temperate regale; and whilst it occupied, trifling as it was, the attention of the circle, I had time to reflect on the real value, advantage and amusement of such a meeting.

Was it the assemblage of talent always attractive, which draws to it merit in every branch of science, and gives strength to it by uniting itself with it? No.—Was it a school of improvement, where youth looks up to maturity of age and reason for instruction and example? Certainly not.—Was it a meeting of unaffected friendship, and honest sincerity, formed for the purpose of relaxing and unbending the mind,

too long on the stretch of scientific enquiry and laborious research, and wearied out with deep and operose study? No:—The unceremonious amusement of temperate mirth? No:—The convivial gathering together of kind neighbours, and sympathetic souls? No—no—no.

In this would-be circle of wisdom and science, there reigned in reality as many envies and emulations—as much affectation and sacrifice to fashion, as in the gayest and giddiest assembly in town. Every one was acting a part; nature was excluded from the meeting; every thing was assumed, foreign or overplayed.

It matters very little what be the rage of fashion, if to appear what we really are not, and to usurp what belongs to another, be its object. Disgusted therefore with this grave hyper-learned drama, I took French leave; and, instead of returning home instructed, edified, or amused, I retired to rest, convinced that there is as

little wisdom in a circle of the blues, in the haranguers in booksellers' shops, and among the frequenters of the Institution, as there is in a meeting of the *Blacks* over their board of green cloth (the card table) or of the butterflies at the Argyll or at a waltzing assembly. Different views, constitute the only distinction. *Les uns voient tout en noir ou en bleu ; les autres en couleur de rose.* Therefore well may we say "*La couleur n'y fait rien.*"

When I am in town I wear "my customary suit of solemn black" more for convenience than for fashion's sake ; but I am so out of love with it, when I see it assumed by solemn blockheads, as the peculiar livery of the would-be votaries of Minerva, that I think I shall have recourse to

"Chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling nature's universal robe,"

at least whilst I have the privilege of considering myself as

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Nº XXXV.

A FISHING SCENE.

A man may hae an honist heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him:
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae na cash to spare him.

BURNS

A FISHING SCENE.

DURING the few weeks which I spent this autumn on the coast, I devoted a part of the time to a retired and favourite spot, where it was my daily occupation to watch the world of waters, pore over the abrupt and rugged precipice, listen to the roar of the angry billows, and contemplate the awful and sublime scenery of nature. A vacant mind might consider all this as presenting a fatiguing, uninteresting sameness; but a reflective one will find in such a spot infinite variety, and infinite instruction: food for deepest musing and

meditation; for sweet and soothing melancholy!

Even when trusting his fragile bark to the briny flood, at a distance from the haunts of man, far from the land, and out of sight of the world, as it were, where there is nothing but "*cœlum undique, et undique Pontus*," the intellectual man will have wherewith to fill his imagination: what variety does this vast deep present in its diversity of appearances! how majestic in its form! with what sublimity and imposing calmness does it glide along, reflecting the heavenly bodies! now impurpled with the tints of the day's dawning! now gilded by the solar ray! at one time sparkling and exhibiting pearly gems on its gentle froth, with wave propelling wave along; now silvered over by the moon-beams and murmuring mournfully to the voice of night. How like, too, is the curling and foaming little billow to man, to his brief existence, and to his fate, so beautifully described by Moore;—

See how beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And glittering then subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
Thus sinks into eternity!

How fearfully sublime again, is its surface in an angry state, its breakers lashing the shore, or tossing the uncertain bark—at one time as if to meet the clouds, at another plunging into the unfathomable abyss! How strongly does it exemplify infinity of space! How loudly does it proclaim the Divinity! What treasures does it contain! What worlds are lost in its inaccessible bowels! How vast! How terrible! How beautiful to view in all its varieties! How fit its shores, its rocks and boundaries for solitary musing and contemplative retirement, for the lone walk, or

the hour stolen from the world, and given to communing with our interior faculties, and for carrying our views beyond the limited span of man's existence here!

I was ever fond of the sea-coast, and the spot I am speaking of is dear to me, from a thousand tender and affecting associations. The woodland, the grove, the sunny valley, rich prospect, and scene studded with the gorgeous habitations of the great, with splendid edifices, and grand and populous cities, may delight the ambitious; but the mind and heart are most at home in the simplicity of nature, or in the scenery where wild glen, abrupt precipice, bold shore, or ruined monument give that stamp which constitutes the picturesque.

But the silent scenery was not the only object of my interest. The humble inhabitants of the spot were peculiarly allied to my sympathies, and drew my constant and anxious attention. Their lot and station in life were placed at a great distance from

fortune and independence; but, they were interesting in their humility, and in the fulfilment of the duties connected with their situation. A proud man or an empty coxcomb might look down on their lowliness; but an observer of nature could find amongst them worthy objects of admiration, and learn from them such lessons of morality, as might be very useful in the highest ranks of society.

The male part of this little community consisted of fishermen. Their daily occupation, was to stem the impetuous torrent, to ride on the towering wave, to be frequently suspended betwixt heaven and a briny grave, betwixt life and death, time and eternity; and for what purpose? not for ambition, or sordid avarice; not for the inhuman thirst of conquest, nor for the gory career of war, not to traffic in human flesh, and to sell the bodies of their fellow men; condemning them to a living death—a life of toil and slavery; but, for their daily bread, for a

humble, decent existence, for the maintenance of an aged parent, a beloved wife, a numerous brood of little helpless babes, who had claims on their protection, whose existence depended on their labour, on their hardships, on the exertion of their courageous undertaking, on the risk of their valuable existence—that existence which was their only fortune.

And can such men be eyed with supercilious haughtiness, passed by with unchristian contempt, treated by their more prosperous fellow men with indifference? Forbid it, Heaven!

Whilst I admired the courage of these men, their simple life, their domestic virtues, their steady perseverance in honest endeavour, their constancy and truth—whilst I viewed their little vessels the sport of fortune and of the waves, their white sail appearing at times in distance on the ocean like a mere speck, at others menaced with wreck and ruin, I had another source

of high consideration and of aching anxiety; namely, their wives and sisters, their children and aged relatives; but above all the softer sex.

Cast in nature's very ordinary mould, their women were, nevertheless, adorned with qualities of the highest cast, and which render them peculiarly interesting. Their constant care was to promote the comfort of those to whom their lots were allied; to cheer their husbands at the blazing hearth, on their return from toil and peril; to receive them with open arms on the beech; to unload their manly shoulders, thus literally lightening their return; to call their prattling babes around them, to procure every domestic comfort in their power, for those to whom they looked up with reverence and affection. Lowly as their state may be, it is not divested of sweet enjoyment.

I have seen these faithful women, to me not less respectable than the proudest

matrons of ancient times, not only pass whole anxious hours by day in the cold air, perched upon a rock, commanding an extensive view, in order to watch the safety of their mates: I have not only marked the varying eye, the changeful colour, the heaving bosom, and struggling emotions of the heart; listened to their converse with children, neighbour and relative; all full of him who was all to them, but I have observed them go out by night, with breasts aching with fearful care and thrilling apprehensions.

I have seen and sorrowed for their distracted looks, their tearful eye-lids, their outstretched arms, and have listened to their piercing shrieks, when the tempestuous winds roared, and the billows rose in terrific agitation. I have been rooted to the spot under these circumstances; until, at last, I have seen their fishing boats, buffeted and tossed about in such a way that I have shared these virtuous women's sighs

and tears, and felt that the poor mariners were nearly allied in humanity to myself. I have also glorified in their nearing the shore, and involuntarily shivered on beholding their courageous partners dash into the water to approach their vessels, and to receive them in their arms, or carry them triumphantly on their backs.

These domestic virtues, these bright examples, are of the utmost moment to our country. A man must be as obdurate as the rock, who could witness what I did, without the tenderest emotion, without the most ardent love of his country. For my own part, I was so elate on viewing the last scene, which I have feebly attempted to draw, that I felt my heart bound in my bosom, my pulse rapidly increase, and my very blood dance in my veins, when husband was thus restored to wife and family. To be in the way of beholding such a sight may surely be reckoned one of the advantages of being a

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Nº XXXVI.

A GOOD FELLOW.

Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.

GAY.



A GOOD FELLOW.

Many years an observer of mankind, I have sought in vain for what is in every one's mouth; namely, "A good fellow;" for the term is so sweeping, yet so vague and so indefinite, that it has puzzled me more than once to find out "*unde derivatur.*"

There are good fellows in the army, in the navy, and amongst private country gentlemen; a few in the peerage, and a number amongst our gentry, who have no avocation or occupation, except their amusements; but amongst men of science and those of the learned professions, they are not to be found.

A good fellow, a parson, we meet occasionally in the sporting field, at table and in the ball room; but then his good fellowship (unless he be a fellow of a college,) is distinct from, and rather hostile to, his profession and tenets; so that he leaves the good fellow at the club, and never takes him into the pulpit.

A Lawyer good fellow is a "*rara avis in terris*," and although a traveller myself, I have not yet met with him. Physic, too, is against good fellowship, not in its scriptural meaning, in the bond of faith, of Christianity, &c.; but in its modern acceptation, although this modern good fellowship is very favourable and productive to medicine. A good fellow in the navy or army, can scarcely be a profound tactitian, because nothing destroys good fellowship so much as deep study, temperate habits and austerity of life.

I should indeed, have been almost inclined to think, that in the word "good fellow,"

there was "*Vox et preterea nihil,*" or that it was only a blind, or mask of convenience, which men put on and off as circumstances or convenience require; for I have met with canvassing members of parliament, who were the best fellows in the world, until their seat was secured, and then they looked at their elector-good-fellows, as if they had never seen them before, and as if they held—*tutto et monda a sdegno*; and I have found the best fellows in the world, at borrowing my money, the worst and most distant at returning it. All this I should have thought accidental, were it not for a particular acquaintance of mine, who passed for the king of good fellows, and whose qualifications for that title, I begin to examine.

My friend rose late, breakfasted poorly, took his morning ride, dined at night, drank very hard indeed, was quiet and circumspect, in trying to hold out till the last at the bottle, spoke little, smiled often, was of

every man's opinion and every man's friend; but, if you wanted to borrow a pound of him, he laughed, " you had made a sad mistake, he was as poor as a church mouse, felt the times as much as any man, and sympathized with you most truly." Yet you met him next day at the club, or the tavern, and saw him pay his guinea; and this pearl of a " good fellow," sailed through life.—The good which he had done is still for me to learn; but I still hear him called a " right good fellow." No man has a keener eye to the waiter, as to the number of corks drawn, nor is there a more attentive president in circulating the bottle.

Through him, however, I got introduced to a more actively good fellow than himself, Young Noisy, a retired dragoon. He always enters the room with a view halloo, shakes you by the hand, as if he meant to cling to you and your interests for life, laughs immoderately at every man's joke, and prepares you to laugh at his, by an

anticipating smile, at their excellence. Will sit with you until he fall off his chair, or sally out and break lamps, if the company's lights lead them that way; he lives at the festive board, and promises not to trouble thc circle to a very old age.

A third good fellow is Bob Lackland, he had consumed his whole property before he was of age, and afterwards tried upon that of others; he has once been white-washed, and now is, in a manner, kept by a subscription of his friends; for it is no party where Bob is not, and he certainly has one quality of good fellowship; which is, doing as he would be done by, for he never allows either himself or friends to keep a guinea, if he can help it.

But in what is he so essential to the festive board? how is it, that he is the very sun of the table, enlivening all within his influence? Because he has by rote all the loose anecdotes, cant words, hacknied witticisms, amatory songs, and bacchanalian senti-

ments, which are so acceptable in the brainless parties over which he presides. In them he is called "the old one;" and he has the glory of initiating "the young ones," into all the science of table taste and debauchery. He is a famous hand at quizzing a waiter, at smoaking a freshman, at making a butt of a fool, at maturing and drawing out any man's particular absurdity, of running down a parson, or at shocking the ears of a moral man.

He can play tricks on the cards, and swallow a pint at a draught; he never spares his own constitution, and he expects the same generous and rational sacrifice on the part of his companions. His purse is at your service, but it is empty; his company is at your command, but you must pay for it; his principles never offend you, because he has none; and his opinion goes with the company--put it to the vote, you are sure of him. Ergo, he is a noted and quoted "good fellow every where."

And yet analize his benevolent deeds, and they will amount to this, that sensuality is his idol, and that he serves nothing else;—still inferior to the departed lady, over whom Pat poured his pille-lew, and when asked why he blubbered, and at every word said, "Ogh! why did she die? she was so good!" and of whom he informed the interrogator as to what she was good for, that "she was so good to herself."—The good fellow, resembling Bob Lackland, has not even that good quality, since his goodness extends to the destruction of himself and his friends.

Enumerating a list of "good fellows," one day at a good fellow's club, a worthy president, with watery eye, (the only water he ever mixed with his wine, brandy, and other combustibles,) thus read out the list. "Bob Balderdash—broke his neck fox hunting; as good a fellow as ever lived; never missed a fox chase or a good dinner: the rest of his time he slept out. Frank Freelove,

was stabbed by a jealous woman, whom he had ruined; the best fellow in his county! a terrible lad for the girls, and could take his four bottles and ride home with them. Lord Longbow—fell into the river when dead drunk, but was a very promising fellow—" in what particular we have yet to learn, but perhaps the ladies, or his tradesmen, may be able to furnish this part of his biography.

"Justice Casey—the best fellow ever known, as quiet as a lamb; never frowned in his life; was set down by a drunken medical friend as having no bile in his system: poor Justice! 'we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' I think I see him now," said the hazy orator, waking out of his sleep, with 'come, make it up; Clerk, fine the parties a shilling, and drink it to their health; and dismiss the cause:' what a kind soul! he never committed a girl for irregularity in his life, nor allowed a gentleman to go to quod for an assault; 'make it up,' was

always his word, for he wanted to get to his pipe and his grog, and to have a good song; that was all he cared for, and he wished all mankind as happy as himself."—

After this character of the Justice, who is given as a superlative "good fellow," all further comment would be superfluous. His worship went off before the half century, "with his pipe in one hand, and his can in the other." As therefore, these are the ripe fruits of good-fellowship—which drop off thus from life's tree, it would not be an unuseful task for some modern physician to favour us with a cure or rather a preventative from it altogether, if health, rationality, or longevity, be still considered as desirable amongst us—they will at least be preferred to riot, intemperance, and ignorance by

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N° XXXVII.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE,

AND

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

I know myself now: and *I feel within me*
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

SHAKESPEAR.—HENRY VIII.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE, AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE, and knowledge of the world, are very different. The utility of each is exceedingly great; but it is difficult to acquire both, since the method and means are diametrically opposite.

Self-knowledge is best obtained in solitude, in retirement, in the seclusion of the closet, and in the cool shade of reflectiveness. There the student of nature will receive lights, which will elevate him to the highest dignity of man; since there he can not only commune with himself, but even address his Creator. There no attrac-

tive imagery, no false glare of riches, or of perishable honors, will dazzle and divert his views: truth alone will be his adviser, and his guide.

The knowledge of the world cannot be acquired thus. We must see men, in order to know them; we must mingle in the world, in order to be able to judge of it. The closeted moralist, or the studious book-worm, who expects to gain a knowledge of men and of manners in his library, will find himself in continual error when he comes into actual contact with society; he will be just like the peruser of history and travels, who conceives that he can judge of the present by past times, recorded, but not seen.

As well might a man expect to gain experience intuitively, as to come to this imagined perfection seated by his fire-side, in his morning-gown and slippers. Living scenery is as different from the painted canvass which represents it, as the living

book of man is from the dead still pages, which only give a clue to find him out. Moreover, man is daily changing, daily assuming some new form of mind or body, whilst the mute page *manet in sæcula* unchanged. In matters thatare argumentative, the book makes no reply ; nor do the passions, which, above all, we ought to study to be master of, exhibit themselves in the features, the countenance, the attitude and gesture of the man.

He who is destined by his situation or by his choice, to live a life of seclusion, requires not the toil of mixing in crowds, of observing human life, of bending to the manners of the world ; but he whose lot is cast in the active scenes of life, will want a rudder to conduct his fragile bark, if he study not human nature in all her varieties.

The philosopher will object to this, that the wisdom of the world is folly, and therefore the study of the world is a loss of

time, and tends more to vitiate and corrupt, than to chasten and improve. To a certain degree the philosopher is right; but, if "the proper study of mankind is man," then what perfect knowledge can be gained of him, if we observe him not actively, and if we view him not on the stage where he performs daily in person?

The moralist will oppose to this worldly acquirement of wisdom, that crowds, courts, amusements, theatres, and the like, are not fit places for cool and mature deliberation, or for forming dispassionate opinions and reflections—that ambition, duplicity, avarice, self-interest, beauty and pleasure incessantly mislead and blind us—and that all these passions and positions produce merely a scenic representation, not of what man is, but, of what he fain would be thought; that in these instances a mere drama is performed, whilst in retirement and at home, man is himself. There is a small error in this decimal, though it be in part just.

Man, in spite of all his acquired arts, is oftenest true to nature; nature, like conscience, which is one component thereof, given us by the Divinity, for the wisest and most useful ends, will show herself undisguised, even where men conceive themselves the most guarded by concealment and duplicity; so that in studying the book of man, we should not skim over the few best pages, but we should peruse and consider the whole, ere we attempt to condemn or praise, to imitate or to shun, to judge and to decide.

But let us for a moment examine what advantages result from the study of the world, as acquired in good company, in active life, and in the visiting of many countries, and viewing many characters.

Do we become acquainted with these varieties merely to import foreign vices into our native land? Do we dive into the inmost recesses of the human heart, merely to discover its imperfections and vitiated

qualities, for the purpose of imitation? do we commix with our own species merely to learn misanthropy and mistrust, to turn brotherly love into egotism, and to convert christian charity into disgust and hatred? certainly not. The villain may only mature in iniquity and art by his more general knowledge of mankind; but the man of wisdom and of virtue will arrive at the meridian of knowledge and philanthropy, by a general judgment of good and evil.

To float about in idle circles, to buz like flies around beauty and frailty, or to be the accompanying insects of pride and power, the paltry shades and copies of fashion, is not seeing or studying life. This is an ephemeral existence, a being more disgraceful, because less useful than the mere vegetation of the plants. Can a thing, bred in the stable and half educated, read only in novels or inflammatory poets, warmed into half ripeness by the sun of patronage, or the chance possession of riches, and then

placed in the crowds of titled nobodies, or sensual bipeds, often more brutish than the quadruped of the field, be called a being for example, or even for notice? can such an unnatural nondescript either give or receive any thing that can be called knowledge? we might as well attempt to judge of the heavenly bodies of the starry host, or the great orb of day by the cloud which may for a moment obscure them, as to take such a caricature of man for his faithful picture. All such study or observation would indeed be a prostitution of time.

But amongst nature's works, her beauties and her varieties are infinite; and it is by perusing these with unwearied attention, by a constant comparison of the extrinsic appearance, with the real intrinsic matter, that knowledge swells her ample record. These are to be found in the busy world, since fame and reputation are day-light plants, although virtue and wisdom grow

modestly in retirement. Nor will any one attempt to say that honest fame, acquired by knowing, and by being known, can be condemned by the moralist or by the philosopher himself, since—

> The purest treasure mortal times afford,
> Is spotless reputation: that away,
> Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

Nor is it necessary to be always in the vortex of pleasure, fashion and active idleness to gain the knowledge of mankind. There are those who can find a retreat in crowds, retirement in company, observation in the gilded temple of pleasure, and knowledge amongst the thoughtless and the gay. Can we not observe the course of the river without being borne away with its tide? Can we not watch the tempest's rage from a prudent distance, without ex-

posing ourselves to its destructive power? Thus then can we judge of man, and of circumstance, without being the slave of either. Thus can we mix with society, without receiving every impression, which vanity and folly offer to the soft votaries of voluptuousness. From these, the wise man retires unperceived, and digests, in his closet, the mental food which he receives, rejecting all that tends not to meliorate the heart, and to nourish and enrich the mind.

The happiest man, is doubtlessly he who tranquilly glides down the stream of time, self-approving, and generally approved; and whose circumstances enable him to live in perfect retirement, from the busy scenes of life, uncorrupted by the vices of the age, and unincumbered by the cares of the world; but, such a man is not the most useful man, he lives for himself so far as relates to the duties of society; all his knowledge must be that of books, or that of himself; whilst

he who studies his fellow creatures enables himself, of course, to be more useful to them; and if his cares and duties be multiplied, so are his resources in wisdom and in intellectual love, forming, in the evening of life, sage and cool decisions, the result of experience and good sense, he will find retirement in the haunts of men, and wisdom in the very centre of folly, vanity and fashion; such a man's society will every day become more and more valuable, since every day's observation adds knowledge to his ample store.

As for myself I must acknowledge, that I have been more in the habit of studying men than books;—the world and nature were the volumes that early rivetted my attention, and if from their full pages I have been enabled in these lucubrations to make extracts which may occasionally have afforded amusement or instruction to my readers, I shall feel that my studies have

not been thrown away, and shall consider myself amply rewarded for my labours, both as the Hermit in London, and as

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N° XXXVIII.

HOGMANY; OR, NEW YEAR'S MORN IN EDINBURGH.

Let mirth abound; let social cheer
Invest the dawning o' the year;
Let blithesome Innocence appear,
                    To crown our joy;
Nor Envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
                    Our bliss destroy.
                              FERGUSON

HOGMANY; OR, NEW YEAR'S MORN IN EDINBURGH.

In no part of the inhabitable globe, is the new year ushered in with more mirth and hilarity than in Scotland, devoid of the mummery and intrigue of a carnival, broad mirth and unrestrained freedom reign triumphant upon this occasion. It is not under a mask, that the sports of the season are enjoyed. The honest, undisguised countenance appears clad in smiles; the hand of friendship is every where as open and as light as the heart; grave features relax; stiff and starched manners unbend; and the haughty master and obsequious

servant lose their constrained representations,—the one rising, the other stooping to the level of Equality and to the proudest title of humanity:—namely, that of being fellow-men, children of the same great family, linked hand in hand, in the golden chain of benevolence.

Let us then take our stand for a moment in the Caledonian capital, there to witness the most genuine—the only surviving example of the Roman Saturnalia, where honest mirth is every where afloat, and where the faithful servant may answer his master, when interrogated as to his identity, with "*Davus ne?*" "*Ita Davus, mancipium amicum domino et frugi;*" for nowhere are fidelity and frugality more the national characteristics than on this ground. These national virtues have ever distinguished them, not only as domestic servants, but as the servants of their country, abroad and at home.

The festival which I allude to, is called

hogmany, a term which has been explained in various ways, all creditable to the customs and hospitality of the Scotch. The religious man considers it as the octave of Christmas day, and hails it as the anniversary of the blessed era of our redemption, when God vouchsafed to take upon him our frail humanity. Such a person may well conceive the meaning to be *a man* (or rather *the man*) is born— "*L'homme est né.*" Another translation imagines it to be "*l'an est né,*"—the year is born, and he ushers it in with grateful joy and jollity for added days bestowed on him, and with a heartfelt wish for length of life to all those that are near or dear to him. If such a man meet his enemy of yesterday, the national feeling, and the generous pulse, impel him to outstretch his hand; nor can he, for the life of him, help saying, "A guid new year to you!"

How calculated is such a custom to inspire and improve friendship, to approx-

imate and connect man to man, kindly to link together rich and poor, to promote harmony and good fellowship, and to bury resentments and prejudices! Nor is this all. There is a tender tie, which is wide awake on this merry occasion, and which converts *hoc mane* into what in my opinion is the real origin of the word, (my readers will pardon the pun) into hug me nigh!

On the vigil of new year's day, anxiously waiting for the stroke of twelve, you will see the *lassie*, clad in nature's best attire, that is, in youthfulness, sincerity, and smiles, *wearying* for the *first fit* (first foot*)—for the favored youth who is first to salute her

* It is supposed that the welfare and prosperity of every family, especially the fair part of it, depend very much upon the character of the person who is *first* admitted into the house on the beginning of the new year. Hence every suspected person is carefully excluded; and the lasses generally engage before hand, some favoured youth, who willingly comes, happy in being honored with that signal mark of female distinction.

ripe lips and damask cheek, and fervently to wish that many a succeeding year may preserve those charms and their possessor—probably for himself. You will see almost tremulous anxiety and apprehension all awake in the broad eye, lest perhaps some "cankered auld carle," some superannuated bachelor, should slily lie in wait to steal the bloom from off the plum, and usurp the kiss which was intended for her ain faithful Sandy, or for her bonny Donald.

Now, in the other sex, is expectation all on tiptoe, to watch the expiring vigil of the new year, and to steal a salute *there*, where, at another time, order and decorum might have forbid the delicious treat; to be close to fair Jenny's door, and to knock at the last stroke o'twal', lest any other should be before-hand with him, to offer the incense of an affectionate heart at the shrine of beauty. What a heavy disappointment, what a galling humiliation is his, if a paukie maiden aunt, or auld Christie, the

female servant, should first appear! for charity has decreed the prime salute, even to our serving sisters; and antique hospitality has hidden in that honest salute, and in the cheering het pint, (egg flip,) a kindly lesson of morality, since

——"To teach us to be kind,
Is Nature's *first*, best lesson to mankind."

This lesson, on the expiring embers of the last, and on the dawning birth of another year, may perhaps sink deeper into the heart than an hour's cold evening lecture, or the nasal of a monotonous homily.

In addition to these kindly sensations and social arrangements, there are many merry youthful pranks played off on this cheering occasion, when it may be said, at the gay midnight hour,

"Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'lous head."

The humble swain watches a favourable opportunity for declaring his passion; or, for making the desired impression. The lover of a higher rank, lies in ambush for a celebrated beauty, for one whom he has long admired, but to whom he is slightly known, or perhaps scarcely introduced; and, should he be fortunate enough to intercept her, on her road home, after eleven o'clock, he sanguinely hopes that the old year will fly upon the wings of Cupid, to bring on the hour of twelve, when he can claim the sanction of custom, and the national prerogative to taste momentary bliss. Then may we see the nimble foot of beauty, flying from her active pursuer; and, not unfrequently, like Virgil's Galatea

——————— "As she flies,
"How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

Nor do the sons of Caledonia now forget to dip the wings of old time in rosy wine.

Many a generous flask is drained to the bottom, whilst the hand of friendship grasps the sympathetic palm, devoting the foaming bumper to the pious orison of wishing length of days to the friend of his bosom, to the partner of his heart, to the kinsman of his own blood, to his reverend benefactor, or his honored patron.

Now, too, the aged sire drops, perhaps, the involuntary tear in the joyous bowl; and looking on his rising progeny, thinks of "auld lang syne." He sees how fleeting time is—how brief the dream of youth; yet, with a hopeful look, he pledges the cup, and wishes that the passage through life, of those he loves may be calm and untroubled, and that they may escape the storms which he has weathered and survived. There is dignity in his mouth, gravity in his enjoyment, and resignation in his smile; whilst he looks forward to living over again, in the tender shoots of the family

tree, the branches of which he feels proud to see blooming around his table.

The night is advanced. And now we hear the hearty salutations, and cheering sounds of "guid new year to you,"—"a happy new year, sir,"—"many happy years, bonny lassie,"—"will you taste wi' us, friend?"—"here's to you, Sandy,"—"here's to ye Donald,"—"a' happiness attend you," and such like brief home-spun patches, and sentences of Scottish courtesy as leave far behind, in truth and permanence, in service and trial, the most courtly and circumlocutious compliments.

Let the fop and the fool smile contempt on those honest, rough interchanges of kindness; but let him not dare to scowl at them. As for myself, I must say, that when the poorest of the poor, the humblest of the lowly, offers me the brim of his votive pint, I take it with gratitude, because it is offered with sincerity; nor would it dishonour the prince on his throne to cast an eye on those

enjoyments of his northern brethren at the new year.

—————————" In village, grange,
And borough town, the streaming flaggon, borne
From house to house, elates the poor man's heart,
And makes him feel that life has still its joys.
The aged and the young, man, woman, child,
Unite in social glee; e'en stranger dogs,
Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chace,
Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
With sober cheerfulness the grandam eyes
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
And, thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer,
That God would shed a blessing on their heads."

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N° XXXIX.

SUNDAY EVENING'S AMUSEMENTS.

Obvious her goods; in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well.

POPE.

SUNDAY EVENING'S AMUSEMENTS.

THAT Sunday was, in every christian country, designed to be chiefly dedicated to the praise of the Creator, none of my readers will, I trust, deny. Its second object was, for the repose and relaxation of the laborious part of the community, who work for the rich and the great during the six other toilsome days of the week. Different countries, however, have various modes of hallowing and occupying this hebdomadal feast. The question therefore is to decide which is the most consistent with religion and morality. and most calculated to make men happy

On the continent, the religious ceremonies are scarcely closed, when balls, plays, nay even masquerades succeed them. In many places, the shops are entirely open: in others, they are only half closed. Mummers and mountebanks, tooth-drawers and ballad singers, fill the market places; and all is broad, popular, and unbecoming mirth. Those who wish to justify such customs, assert, that all this is done for the innocent recreation of the hard-working classes, and that *it* is fit that they sho a have their amusements, as well as the rich, and noble of the land. I have no hesitation in joining in this assertion, were their amusements of a tendency to ameliorate their condition, and improve their morals. As it is, all comment would be superfluous: the error must strike every one.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the sabbath exhibits a busy scene of exterior and of *not* unostentatious piety. All is church going, hymn chaunting, long faces, and

crowded streets; the women servants bearing the open profession of their faith, namely, the bible, in their hands, often to very unhallowed roofs, and carrying it and the Psalms of David, as it were, in triumph, to their respective conventicles. All public places are forbidden; dancing and music even in private, are mortal sins, the organ itself, offends the presbyterian ear; and the ordinary way of closing the day, is by sleeping over the sacred volume, whilst the *soi disant* liberals indulge in the pleasures of the table, and substitute spirituous for spiritual comforts.

The pious intentions of our neighbours cannot be blamed, nor can any one help praising their strict enforcement of the respect due to the Sabbath; but to clothe religion in mourning, is as much against its real interests, as it is to render sacred truths so terrific, and fraught with gloom, that they lose their natural, gentle, mild, peaceful and consoling qualities. This excess of the

external of piety is at the same time very apt to introduce hypocrisy, as its companion, and to lead to the indulgence of private voluptuousness, in the place of public relaxation and decent mirth ; for a glass at a public house not unfrequently leads to more than a peccadillo under the influence of Bacchus and of Venus.

In England, public walks and gardens are open on a Sunday, which invite the humbler citizen to amusement and recreation. The charms of music are every where added to religious ceremony. Vocal and even instrumental sounds, are rarely forbidden at the festive board, or in the family circle ; and, in the highest classes, private concerts are frequently given on this day.

Our late venerable Monarch set the example of having them composed of sacred music only ; but the example has not been generally followed. The propriety of the former cannot be doubted, although we can see no transgression in listening to the notes of Haydn and Mozart, nor of attending to the

enchanting harmony of Italian vocal music, or to the innocent yet bewitching strains of the harp, unconnected with either church service, or oratorio, after the hours of religious worship. In a number of very great houses, however, it has become fashionable to háve private card parties, and thus to kill time, as they call it, and beguile the dull Sunday evening. Some are more or less public; some more or less of a gaming nature; whilst the gouty General, or the superannuated Right Honorable old maid snarls over a chess board, or dozes at a piquet table. Where avarice, the rage for play, extravagance, or ill nature, reign not at such boards, we have perhaps no right to interfere; but certainly where heavy losses or gains, head-ache, heart-ache, and loss of time occur, the *passa tempo* is criminal; and indeed it must be acknowledged, that even in their most harmless form they give bad examples to domestics, and by keeping them late up, destroy

their lawful sabbath, and bring the day itself into painfulness and disrepute.

We now come to another mode of passing the Sunday; which is considered as a very innocent one. A circle of young people, most of whom have been abroad, meet at a dinner, or at an evening party on a Sunday. The circle is small, friendly, and unceremonious. The company consists of both sexes. Averse to cards, and divided in opinion, whether cousin Harriet may play the piano, whilst the young party waltzes; the noes, strengthened by mamas and aunts, out-vote the charming minority, and it is settled, after the showing off of the best family player in a concerto, that the young folks shall play at forfeits, either in the shape of questions and commands, dumb crambo, *bouts rimées*, cross questions, or any other form. The forfeit gives the principal zest to this amusement; and here is struck the imperceptible spark which may grow into an unconquerable flame——

here the seeds of passion, more diminutive, than the acorn which is destined to be the monarch of the wood, and the imperious ruler on the ocean, are first sown.

Warm looks, gentle touches, impressive squeezes, palm meeting palm, and foot encountering foot, heightened complexions, swelling bosoms, glistening eyes, mute confusion, or whispered freedoms, all play their dangerous parts. Preferences are demonstrated, and weaknesses are betrayed, which have had the most serious results. These "*petits passe tems de la societé*" carry the incautious and unsuspecting a great way. Under the cover of a question put round, strange things are said. Under the sanction of a forfeit, dangerous ideas may be raised. Some arch trick played, or some innocent salute given to a cousin, or to the intimate friend and fellow collegiate of a brother, is but the fore-runner of a serious attachment——perhaps a very unfortunate one. Rings and lockets, gloves and bosom

knots are lost and won, like favors given and received; so that it is not quite impossible, that, with the pledge, the heart may be forfeited too, and that, with the *gage* detained, the reputation may be in equal jeopardy.

Nor do these infantine amusements end here. When the evening is passed, thought continues its work in the brain; nor does discreet silence place her seal upon either the youth's or the maiden's lips. Heated imagination retraces the scene, heightens its colours and extends its influence; confidential avowals are made, projects are formed, and plans arise in the thoughts; realities follow ideal matters; sleepless nights and waking uneasiness, novel reading, and love-letter writing, are on many occasions, the followers of the Sunday evening's simple and harmless amusements.

Whether so much importance ought, or ought not to be attached to these seeming trifles, I leave to the candour of the youths

of both sexes who practise them. For the most part they are of foreign introduction, but have not lost in their effect and application by British performances. On the contrary, the minds of our fair countrywomen are tenderer, and more romantic than those of the attractive and provoking Gallic fair; and these *petits jeux* are of course more dangerous to them.

Without further remarks on all these modes of passing Sunday, I shall now state that of an old friend of mine; and the reader may choose which of them he pleases.—

After the hour of morning church, which he always attends with real devotion and pleasure, my friend pays visits to such of his acquaintance as are confined by sickness, or to whom his visits may be of utility, either as a giver of advice, a reconciliator, or a dispenser of pecuniary service. In fine, whether he takes a ride, or walk in as retired a route as he can find, at half past five, he assembles in his library, a select party of

men of science and of artists, foreign as well as native, amongst whom are some in unprosperous circumstances, whose views he forwards, and whose comforts he increases, to the utmost of his power. At six precisely the dinner is served, at which, cheerfulness, hospitality and instructive conversation reign. Every servant but one is dismissed to take his pleasure until eleven at night; the servant in waiting coming on duty, only at the removal of the cloth, and having had a previous part of the day for his relaxation. At ten, coffee is served in the library, and the conversation assumes a literary turn. The party separates at or before midnight, and disperses mutually satisfied. The interests of literature, and the welfare of mankind, form the prime objects of this cheerful yet learned assembly, and both these ends are benefited by it. I war not on any man's faith; but, I think that he must be scrupulous indeed, who can find any thing useless, or detrimental to

society in such a division of time, or in such a Sunday evening as this which I have described of my friend's and which I have often shared in, at his elegant house in St. James's-square, when he has been in town, and at his still more elegant, though less splendid retreat in Surrey, when I have chanced to be

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END OF VOL. II.

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